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# THE MIRROR

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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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### THE DIVORCE PROBLEM.

THERE will be issued, early next week, a MIRROR PAMPHLET containing an original consideration of "THE DIVORCE PROBLEM." This essay takes a view of the subject that cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be called orthodox. It states some matters of fact in quite blunt fashion and draws what seems to be reasonable, practical conclusions from them.

Following "THE DIVORCE PROBLEM" the succeeding MIRROR PAMPHLET will be devoted to an article "THE WAR AGAINST THE TRUSTS," in which some of the aspects of the great issue will be treated in an entirely unacademic fashion.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sent to subscribers for 50 cents a year, and sold at the news stands at 5 cents per copy. The trade is supplied by the St. Louis News Company or its branches.

### REFLECTIONS.

#### Pictures

VASIL VERESTCHAGIN is exhibiting a collection of his paintings on Olive street, near Eleventh street, in this city. It is an exhibit of great work, some of it epical, much of it revelative of character, some of it full of feeling for nature. His Napoleonic pictures impress by the combination of splendor of color and the red and cold horrors of war. Verestchagin has pictured the Corsican over and over again, a squat, frigidly handsome, sphinx-like monster of determination. The fascination of Napoleon was never better put upon canvas, and nowhere else may we find so vividly told the ghastly tale of that campaign which culminated in the retreat from Moscow—not even in Meissonier's popular picture. Verestchagin's Philippine pictures do not convince. They are correct enough, but there is only a meretricious feeling behind them,—all except the canvas, "You are hit, Sergeant?" This writer prefers Verestchagin's smaller work, a head here and there of an old man or woman of the peasantry, a clean-air painting of a scene in the Crimea, of high-towering red cliffs and ineffably blue sky and water, a gorge in the Caucasus, a great mountain of snow, a sunlit peak seen across grey-rolling cloud-seas. Then, too, his interiors, especially one of his own home, are a mystery of mastery of light bringing out detail. This Russian seems to have a various call to expression in color. He knows how to tell a story of a battle, of a parlor, of a landscape, of a smiling face or sad. If he have a defect it is excess of vividness, but that is Russian, from Tolstoi to Marie Bashkirtseff. He is too dramatic almost for the immane theatricalism of Bonaparte, for all the horrid pageantry of battle. His peasant faces, however, reveal his affection for human beings. His interiors exhibit his minute realism and his decorative sense. The exhibition is worthy of the study of all intelligent persons. It is of a kind that may well open up minds hitherto closed to subtler, less obvious painting.

#### Kind and Cruel

DOUBTLESS most Americans think that they are going to give Prince Henry a good time. To cure themselves they should look at the itinerary and programme for his entertainment. The poor man will be a physical wreck when he is through with all the doings in his honor, with the receptions, dinners, reviews and speeches. He will realize, when he gets back to his yacht, how a Presidential candidate has to work and be worked in swingin' round the circle. We mean well, Lord knows, but it's rough on the poor unfortunate mortal of whom we start out to testify our appreciation. We must be kind only to be cruel.

#### Action

ANOTHER World's Fair assessment ordered—also another banquet.

#### Our Queer Supreme Court.

THE institution in the State of Missouri that is most in need of reformation is the State Supreme Court. It is a part of the political machine that controls the State and its decisions are almost invariably in consonance with the views of the most "practical" politicians. The Supreme Court of Missouri has done more to keep the State Democratic than any other organization, chiefly by the political subserviency of its rulings and opinions. It has sustained every job and trick designed for the advantage of the Democratic gang and has rarely, if ever, found merit in any Republican contention over any law. In particular it has approved every law to discomfit the Republicans at the

ballot box. Furthermore, it is almost to be said that no great corporation ever loses any important cause before the Supreme Court of Missouri. This court is one in which politicians are paid to appear as lawyers with practically no knowledge of cases, but, presumably, merely to intimate that a party interest is involved. It is a court the members of which leg for renomination in the offices of corporations and political fixers with scarcely any more dignity than an Alderman displays in the canvass of the "joins" in his ward. It is a court in which all the members of the bar hint that a pull is more valuable than a sound brief. Justices of this court are to be elected next November. The people of the State who believe in a court above suspicion or innuendo should look carefully into the character of the men nominated for the bench. We have had enough of a Supreme Court in which, as alleged, more of the practice is political than legal. This is the secret opinion of seven out of every ten reputable lawyers in this State.

#### Must be a Mistake

THE President is reported to have called into consultation half a dozen Republican Senators to consider the political effect of a decision of Admiral Schley's appeal. What has Schley's appeal to do with politics? What have the Senators to do with it? It is not a question of politics at all, but of just judgment upon a statement of facts. The President's action must surely have been misrepresented, for surely Theodore Roosevelt is not falling a victim to the ear-to-the-ground habit that afflicted William McKinley so grievously.

#### Gifted

IT is not true that there are no men with any feeling for art prominent in the directory of the World's Fair. There are several of them who can play the pianola by heart.

#### A Wise Departure

THE President who dined Booker Washington in the White House has refused to reappoint a negro postmaster at Athens, Georgia, because the incumbent was personally obnoxious to the patrons of the office. This is a recognition of Southern feeling on the negro question by a man who does not share that prejudice. It is a wise departure from the previous Republican policy of forcing objectionable black officials on white communities.

#### Butter

CONGRESS is torn up over the struggle about the Groul law providing for the labeling of oleomargarine. It is a fight between the farmers and dairymen on one side and the artificial butter makers on the other. While there is no doubt that butter which is not natural cow butter should not be sold for what it is not, there are a great many people living in boarding-houses who sum up their attitude toward the Congressional fight in an epigram emitted by John J. Ingalls when the struggle occupied Congressional attention before. "I have never, to my knowledge, tasted oleomargarine," said Ingalls, "but I have stood in the presence of genuine butter with awe for its strength and reverence for its antiquity."

#### The Two Henrys

PRINCE HENRY should have come to this country at least eleven months ago in order that he might have been welcomed to St. Louis by our then Mayor, Uncle Henry Ziegenhein. He could then have been taken to the City Hall and made to feel as much at home as if he were in Berlin. It will be a great mistake upon the part of the committee having in charge the entertainment of the



## The Mirror

Prince in this city, if the members do not have Uncle Henry at the head of the receiving party to welcome the visitor in the musical German that is spoken out along the Gravois Road. Uncle Henry is the only front for a receiving committee. Remember how he received Dewey, slapping him on the back and calling him "Chorch!" The two Henrys should meet.



### Postal Troubles

A MOVEMENT is on foot to place the rural delivery of mail under the contract system. It is announced that rural representatives will oppose the proposition, because they look upon the proposed legislation as a measure which will take from them the chief of the limited resources at their command for currying favor with farmer voters. The answer to the rural Congressmen is that the contract system will result in very large savings to the Government and result in a better service than can be secured from individual employees. It is said that efforts are now being made to increase the pay of rural delivery carriers with prospects of success. The cry of economy is urged in behalf of the contract system, and it is a very strong cry to raise just now, but it may as well be considered that economy will go by the board if the contract system is to be so established as to give contractors an opportunity to duplicate the Star Route frauds that scandalized the country in the eighties. The system is not sure to produce Star Route frauds, but it may. The best thing about the contract system is that it is conceived along the same lines as the order prohibiting the removal of fourth-class postmaster without cause. It is well, so far as possible, to take the Post Office out of politics, but there is danger in some respects if the department is to be exploited as a private snap in the rural localities. The mere fact that the rural Congressmen oppose the contract system should not be taken as irrefutable argument in its favor.



### Disaster

TWO thousand people dead as a result of an earthquake in the Trans-Caucasus! How little interest the event excites, being so far away from us, yet it is the greatest disaster since the Galveston tornado! Death is but poorly revered when not very near to us.



### Lessons of the Boodle Cases

SOME of the daily newspapers are screaming about political effects being calculated upon from the Grand Jury investigation of bribery and indictment of bribers. The papers that are so much concerned about the bearing of the revelations upon the old parties are strangely blind to the fact that the incident is very likely to wreck both parties locally and result in the election of a municipal ownership ticket in this city. The dullest mind can see that the logical outcome of the revelation of the manner in which this city has been plundered is the ultimate municipal ownership of the public utilities. The Grand Jury has indicted not only a few alleged criminals, but has indicted and convicted the whole vicious system of turning public property over to the use of private persons and corporations without exacting any just compensation for the use of the same. The big sums of boodle that have been paid over to official crooks are not big at all compared with the value of the franchises corruptly bought. The Central Traction boodle ordinance cost, let us say, not less than \$150,000 under the present system of buying votes. What is \$150,000 when we consider that the ordinance so bought was the foundation for the \$90,000,000 syndicate that now monopolizes the streets almost without exception? The \$135,000 that was put up, but not paid over, for the passage of the Suburban extension, was nothing when we remember that if the bill had become a law it would have enabled the Suburban to compete with the Transit Company and force the latter to buy it out at figures away up in the millions. If the real value of the bills referred to had been paid into the city treasury the city would not be quite so near bankruptcy as it is to-day, and if all the street railways were owned and operated by the city as they are operated by

the present owners, the taxes upon real estate would be very much lighter than they are now. These arguments are brought home to every St. Louisian every time he reads an item about the Grand Jury investigation. The stories of the steals are the best sort of campaign material. There is no logic can refute the proof that the people have been robbed of the value of the use of the streets. There is nothing stronger needed than the Grand Jury news to convince the most bullheaded conservative that the only way in which the public can compensate itself is by levying taxes upon the franchises of public corporations, since the courts will hold that the property of those public corporations cannot be confiscated. No great city in the country has ever had such a convincing object lesson of the righteousness of heavy but just taxation of franchises and the wisdom of holding on to any public property that may possibly be left ungrabbed by the speculators with a view to its use by the community for public accommodation in the future. It is, in the opinion of this paper, sheer folly to talk of nullifying the Central Traction ordinance which facilitated the street-railway consolidation, and, in fact, forced that consolidation upon the railway interests that fought the Central Traction measure. The nullification of the ordinance would work great hardship to innocent holders of securities in the syndicate, and the law always protects the innocent parties in such a case. The city has been shown the fundamental evil in the franchise situation, and unless one, or both, of the old parties comes out squarely and honestly for the proper taxation of franchises now in force and for the public ownership of all utilities for public benefit that may be rendered available in the future, both the old parties will be wiped out locally and the next Mayor will be named either Lee Meriwether or Harry J. Cantwell. The policy here indicated is the only thing that will shake this town free of the grip of the few dozen men who, controlling all the local franchises, are thereby enabled to control the politics of this community. The taxation of franchises at their real value, and the municipal control of all future utilities are the surest means of putting an end to the disgrace of this city being absolutely dominated by such a creature as Edward Butler, who boldly proclaims that he has a system of boodling that "never fails" when he gets his "fee." The Grand Jury has strangely dodged the rank boodling that has been done by Butler, presumably because Butler, once trapped, might squeal on the eminent church and social dignitaries for whom he boodled. The indictments have been found, strange to say, in cases in which boodle was used by others than Butler and against the interests of Butler's friends. In effect the indictments thus far found have been based upon the fact that Butler started the "squeal" because his monopoly of boodling was imperiled by the increase of other boodlers. The bribery explosion will amount to nothing, even if Butler and all other boodlers be caught, if the city does not adopt a policy whereby the users of public property now are made to pay adequately for the use, and in future the public property shall be used by the city alone for the good of the entire community. If Butler escapes and the system of government be not changed, Butler and his friends will have scared all other boodlers out of the business, and the close corporation cinch upon the city will be strengthened beyond all calculation. Taxation of franchises and municipal ownership constitute the moral of the recent and current expositions of the fine art of boodle and public robbery. It is not necessary that the city should seize any property that may have been built up on boodle grants of franchises. It is only necessary that the franchises so obtained in the past be taxed at their true value, and that, hereafter, no franchises shall be granted save at public sale, or that the city take upon itself the burden of supplying future public service by the use of the property of the public.



### The Pension Fight

THE war of the pension pirates upon the present Commissioner of Pensions shows no sign of cessation. But the good sense of the country is with the Commissioner and

against the pension pirates. The country will stand for as many honest pensions and as much honest pension money as may be necessary, but it is opposed to the growth of a pension system that reflects upon the honesty of every deserving pensioner.



### Save Us From Our Friends

RUSSIA still has the upper hand in China, and is strengthening herself in Manchuria in spite of the protests of the powers. There is no doubt that this Russian dominance in China is primarily responsible for the alliance recently announced between Great Britain and Japan. The United States does not seem to be quite sure where it is situated under the circumstances. It has assurances of an "open door" both in Russian China and in Japan, but it is exceedingly doubtful if the door will be wide open when Russia has attained to full strength in Manchuria. Russia can come pretty near to taking the business of that territory herself and meeting all demands. The Anglo-Japanese treaty may favor the open door policy, but the English tradesmen will see to it that the door is blocked, so far as possible, with British trade before our trade has a chance to get there. The Englishmen are not going to make markets for this country or for Germany in Japan. That there will be serious complications due to the lining up of England and Russia against one another, with Russia favoring China, and England helping Japan, no watchful student of world-politics can deny. That Germany sees that somehow her interests lie with those of this country against the combinations referred to is equally plain. That Germany has played a trump card in unmasking English hypocrisy towards this country, many people fondly imagine. France is frankly aligned with Russia and says that whatever Russia may do will have French sympathy and support. All the European combinations are angling for this country's friendship and doing it so very openly and temptingly that it behooves this Government to go slowly in the matter of appearing to tie up with any of them. They are all so palpably desirous of our friendship that it is plain that it is of much more benefit to them than to us. This country has to play a lone hand as an ordinary precaution of safety. We made a mistake in slopping over as to England. We are in danger of making a like mistake as to Germany. We have always nourished a sort of a affectionate superstition that Russia is our dearest friend. We have had our "daffy" spells about the sympathy of France. Just now it is clear that any of the Powers called great need us a good deal worse than we need them, and we can well afford to suspect their extremely effusive protestations of friendship.



### Blatherskite

CHARLES KENNEDY WHEELER, of Kentucky, has made himself the Tillman of the Lower House of Congress—only more so, and worse. But for all that, he has his uses. His diatribe against Prince Henry and Secretary Hay only goes to show that we should not curb free speech. Nothing so soon suppresses the blatherskite as letting him talk without restraint.



### Uncovered By Gaffney

THE English pretense that Great Britain interfered to prevent European intervention against the United States in favor of Spain, has been thoroughly exploded in the revelations of the past few weeks. Many people are claiming credit for the exposure, but, so far, the credit has not been given, in any of the great papers, to the man who first pointed out the sham. That man is Mr. T. St. John Gaffney, of New York City, and he made his first disclosures in *Donahoe's Magazine*, for March, 1900. Mr. Gaffney did not have access to State papers or public documents, but he showed conclusively, from English authorities, that the British attitude towards this country at the time of the Spanish war was not only not that of a friend, but was that of open, or at least ill-concealed, enmity. If Lord Pauncefote should finally have to leave this country after the manner of Sir Lionel Sackville West and if John Hay



shall have to step out of the post of Secretary of State, it will be due rather to the acumen of Mr. St. John Gaffney than to the diplomatic "play" made by the German Emperor. Mr. Gaffney is an Irish-American Republican and an almost rampagous pro-Boer, but he has the journalistic instinct for facts and he marshalled them for us two years before the statesmen of this country caught on to the confidence game that was played upon us by Pauncefote, Lord Salisbury, Chamberlain and Balfour. The astute Mr. Secretary Hay was deceived, but Mr. Gaffney was not. Mr. Gaffney does not think Mr. Secretary Hay was deceived, but that he had become more British than the Britons during his stay in London, and that he assented to the hands-across-the-sea deception that has been practiced upon us. Mr. Gaffney believes this deception was practiced to prevent American interference in behalf of the Boers and his article in *Donahoe's* for March, 1900, makes out a strong case to that effect. This country should have some one in its ambassadorial corps in Europe with the gumption of Mr. Gaffney. If we had had such a man at almost any European court we should not now be the laughing-stock of Europe because of our gullibility.

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## A Hope

MISS STONE, the missionary captured by Bulgarian brigands, appears to have been ransomed but not delivered to the ransoming party. Let us hope that a condition of the ransom was that Miss Stone should not return to this country and lecture. If she will not lecture she will continue to hold the sympathy of the people.

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## The Pacific Cable

THERE does not seem to be much reason in the persons who reject Mr. John W. Mackey's proposition to lay a cable from the Pacific coast to Manila. His terms are reasonable and they permit of Government ownership at any time. His project was opposed, originally, by the Western Union Company which asked a subsidy, but that opposition failing, the Western Union suggested a Government-owned cable. Mr. Mackey says he will lay his cable anyhow, and will always stand ready to sell it at a fair appraisement. This being the case, it would seem that the laying of a cable by the Government would be nothing but a waste of money. Mr. Mackey's proposal seems thoroughly honest upon its face, whereas the Western Union's advocacy of a Government-owned cable is patently dubious as to intent. There should be a Pacific cable. There should be one soon. The Government should have control of it. Mr. Mackey is ready to stretch the cable, and to give the Government control whenever it demands control. Until further facts are forthcoming the uninitiated citizen must believe that the Mackey proposition is one that the Government should accept.

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## Justice For Cuba

THE more the Cuban tariff agitation is discussed the plainer it becomes that the people are with the President for justice to the ever faithful isle. The United States cannot, in honor, enforce laws against Cuba that will practically deprive Cubans of a market for their chief products. This country did not free Cuba to starve the people at the behest of any Trust or Trusts. The American people want Cubans to be a free people with a free trade with this country, their natural market. The discussion of the tariff question tends to generate sentiment in favor of the annexation of the island. Annexation must come for many reasons. In the first place it may be necessary to defeat the sugar and tobacco trusts. In the next place it will be necessary to annex the island as a relief from the unwarranted military occupancy of the island. The protectorate now exercised is considerable of a farce and, as General Wilson declared to the Commercial Club in this city, the other evening, the presence of the military and their interference in Cuban affairs is certain, sooner or later, to breed as much dislike for this country as formerly was felt towards Spain. The United States soldiers once out of Cuba it is probable that Cuban sentiment for annexation would become strong. As

it is, the presence of the soldiers as practical rulers of the island makes the Cubans wonder if they have achieved liberty or are only the victims of a political confidence game. The Cubans should have, as the President insists, every facility for trade with this country and should not be treated as foreigners. They should not longer be overawed by the United States troops. They should be given a chance to govern themselves without military supervision. If they were given such a chance it is almost a certainty that it would not be long until they would ask for annexation to this country and participation in the right of United States citizenship. President Roosevelt insisting upon fair play for Cuba and upon the fulfilment of our obligations to the island is taking the best course to make the Cubans feel that their best interests lie in uniting their fortunes with ours and to bring them into the Union. The President is convincing the Cubans that the Government is no longer so wholly subservient to special interests as to repudiate plain duty to the islanders because two great syndicates want to rob both the Cubans and the people of the United States on two such necessary products as sugar and tobacco. Unless the President's policy prevails no one need be surprised to hear of as vigorous a Cuban uprising against us as the one they carried on for many stretches of years against the Spaniard and his policy, so like unto that now favored by the Trust element in the Republican party.

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## Green

THE Henley-Stevenson imbroglio is as nothing to the Hubbard-Monahan difficulty at East Aurora; it is as a French duel to a Kentucky feud. It is noticeable, from the accounts in the Buffalo papers, that Mr. Monahan has gone so far in his unmasking of Fra Elbertus as to declare the fact that the great Hubbard has a middle name and that said name is Green. Alas for the frailty of literary friendship! Mr. Monahan may or may not be in the right or in the wrong in his quarrel with the pastor of the Philistine flock, but he should respect sacred confidence reposed in him while the friendship lasted and refuse to divulge the Hubbardian weakness of a middle name. At least Green should have been held sacred by a penman who rejoices in the patronymic, Michael Monahan. Surely it is no crime in Elbert Hubbard to be caught wearing of the Green, even under cover.

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## A Hero

REALISM in literature attains great heights. A Socialist agitator named Courtney Lemon has sued for libel Miss Zoe Anderson Norris, and enjoined the sale of her book "The Color of His Soul." Mr. Lemon has discovered, he says, that he is the original of the agitative prig and pimp whom Miss Norris has pictured as the "hero" of her book. One would think that Mr. Lemon would keep to himself the discovery of himself as a character of superb contemptibleness, rather than show to the world what he thinks to be Miss Norris' estimate of him. He complains that "his innermost life" is revealed in "The Color of His Soul." If that be true he should go drown himself, and not go to court. Lemon is a disciple of Dr. Herron, and so is the hero of Miss Norris' little book. If the book be as true as Mr. Lemon practically admits it to be in his complaint we have a splendid exposition of the exalted nature of Herronism in practice. Herron is openly named in the book as the hero's ideal, but Herron does not sue or enjoin Miss Norris. It is unfortunate that Mr. Lemon should identify himself as Miss Norris' hero, because it is apt to make some people believe that Lemon and Herron typify Socialism. They do not, for there are many sane, sound and sweet charactered persons who believe in Socialism.

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## Our Neutrality

IF horses and mules are contraband of war, if they come under the head of army supplies, as there is excellent reason for believing they do, and if they are being openly purchased in this country by English army officers and

shipped directly to English camps in South Africa, as there is abundant evidence to show is the case, then the United States authorities are winking at an open violation of this country's explicit declaration of neutrality in the struggle of the Boers against the Britons. There is money, probably, in supplying the British army with horses and mules, but money should not blind the country to a question of moral right and honesty. If we are a neutral nation we should act like one. If we are not neutral let us declare openly for the British. Surely we are not afraid of the Boers. And surely we are not afraid of the English. The United States should act upon the square in its assumption of neutrality, or it should declare for Great Britain on the theory that there's more money in it for us to sell horses and mules to the English army than there's honor for us in keeping faith before the world. We may not feel called upon to interfere for the Boers, as we would, in all likelihood, resent English interposition in behalf of the Filipinos, but we should, at the very least, not adopt the cowardly attitude of secretly helping the stronger side in a fight, solely because it fattens the purses of a few merchants. We suppressed filibusters who set out to aid the Cubans against Spain, and we should not permit English filibustering against the Boers.

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## A Poison Plot

WHAT are the the physicians of St. Louis going to do about the filtration scheme to dose the people of this city with tons upon tons of diluted alum daily? Water filtered with the aid of alum is tainted with a poison the use of which in food or drink is a statutory offense in this State. Every physician knows what are the effects of alum on the human system. The advocates of filtration by alum coagulant are advocating slow death for the people who may be compelled to drink the water. The medical books are full of evidences as to the danger of alum in even small doses. What will be the danger when the people of a great city are served with diluted car-load lots of the drug daily? Citizens who are being urged to shout for filtration should ask their doctors for an opinion on the alum question. They will learn that the use of alum, according to the laws of Missouri and the experience of the medical profession, is little less dangerous than the use of arsenic or strychnine.

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## A Candidate

EDWARD M. SHEPARD, defeated for Mayor of New York, by Seth Low, is being groomed for the Democratic nomination for President. He is against Bryan on the finances, but with him as to imperialism. He is as great a Mugwump as Cleveland or Carl Schurz, a man supremely clean, and of fine natural and cultivated ability. There is no getting around the fact that Shepard seems to fill the requirements of a Democratic candidate better than any other compromise suggestion yet made. The country will do wisely in watching the immediate future career of Mr. Shepard.

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## Laws Against Anarchists

CONGRESS is considering certain proposals for the suppression of anarchy—most of them foolish proposals. It is urged that an attempt upon the life of the President be made a capital offense, but unless we are to forget equality before the law such a bill should not pass. The life of one man is of no more value before the law than the life of another. The man who strikes at the President does not necessarily strike at the Government. It is urged that extremely radical speaking and writing be suppressed. This will not do. Under such a law the Abolitionists might have been suppressed. There must be no strangling of opinion in this country. A throttled press is more dangerous than a licentious press. Free speech and a free press will make for an opinion that will check the decay of liberty into license. It is doubtful even if it is wise to pass a law to established Federal jurisdiction over criminal assaults on the President and on any person "entitled by law to succeed to the Presidency," or over attacks upon "an ambassador or



minister of a foreign state." The provision that the assault or murder, to be punishable, must be committed while the President, or other Federal officer in line to the Presidency, is engaged "in the performance of his official duties, or because of his official character," hardly justifies the innovation of taking the punishment of murderers, or attempted murderers, out of the hands of the States, unless the crime be committed in the District of Columbia. While the bill recently reported from the Judiciary Committee of the House, excludes murders due to private grievances or vengeance, and denies to States the right to punish the offenses described, only in case of State inaction, the law will offer many complications and open up opportunity for precedents of Federal arrogation of authority. The "State inaction" clause has been framed with an eye upon the failure of some States to punish the lynchers of Chinamen and Italians, on the theory, for instance, that a far Western State ought not act against the murder of a Chinese Ambassador, or that Louisiana might have failed to punish the murderers of an Italian Ambassador, possibly massacred in an uprising like that against the Mafia, in New Orleans, some years ago. Nevertheless the interference of Federal Government with the States' authority over assaults upon life would be a bad beginning. It is bad governmental ethics to make, in the way proposed, an offense against the community in which it may be committed, an offense against a man and to graduate the offense according to the accident of the man's position. To punish a person "who disbelieves in or is opposed to all organized government" will be carrying power too far. There are many good and gentle men holding that doctrine of the ultimate of democracy, and they are not enemies of the State in any sense. To prevent the immigration or visit to this country of such men would be folly. The mere holding of opinions of that sort is not a crime. The law must punish for acts, not for opinions. It seems to the MIRROR that there is no especial need for the law as suggested. There is no necessity for enactments against anarchy, the idea. There are laws against murder and assault, and they can be enforced against the murderer or assailant without regard to his opinions. The State or the Nation should no more punish an Anarchist than a Democrat or a Republican. It should punish murderers and attempted murderers. The legislation is as surely a mistake as President Roosevelt's message was a mistake in so far as it made too much of anarchy.



#### Foes of Pure Water

COL. EDWARD BUTLER is against the Meramec water proposition. He didn't get a fee. Dr. Armand Ravold is against the Meramec water proposition. The water is deficient in tetanus germs for the elimination of children. The *Republic* is against the Meramec water proposition, because somebody with influence with the *Republic* is interested in a filter scheme. The *Post-Dispatch* is against the Meramec project, because it has never read the Water Commission's report in which filtration is proved impossibly expensive and ineffective for health. The filter people have suppressed the Water Commission's report. The city can't afford to print it, after appropriating \$25,000 to get the report. Let us have the water report in full,—both reports. When the people read the documents they will decide for unfiltered water. The water report must not be suppressed in the interest of the filtration fake, for the benefit of the filter men back of Boodler Butler. Publish the reports for both the Meramec scheme and the filtration scheme. Then we shall see for ourselves what are the facts, and we shall not have to rely for information on the prejudiced misrepresentations of the *Republic's* editorials.



#### George Washington

It is very much to be feared that our recent familiarity with George Washington as a merely incidental and quite unimportant foil for the heroes of some of our recent

historical novels, has had a tendency to diminish our reverence for the real Father of his Country. But George Washington will survive the historical novel and some other things that now afflict us. He is a good focus for thought in these frenetic days, with his dignity and poise and hard sense. He did not foresee some things his country is now doing, and possibly he might not like them, but for all that he was not gifted to see into the future and because he didn't map out our performances in the Philippines is not evidence that his principles are being repudiated. It may be that some of our more progressive statesmen regard George Washington as a "back number," but there is good reading for Americans, for all time to come, in his public papers and his character will be a model for men of high purpose until suns shall rise and set no more.

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#### HANGING ON MORGAN.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

IT is announced that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will soon go to Europe again. He goes there every spring.

He has vast business interests and connections in London, and is also supposed to pay close attention to financial affairs on the continent. Mr. Morgan is undoubtedly a world-power. His remarks are quoted everywhere. The speculative coteries, controlling the financial destinies of Europe, know that the American magnate cannot be overlooked. It is thus not surprising that Morgan's arrival on the other side is always a notable event and excites more or less curiosity. The European financier and speculator is just like his American brother, always on the *qui vive*; always looking for matters of interest and significance; always having his eyes and ears open. He is now asking himself the questions: "What is going to happen next? What is Morgan going to do among us this year?"

A year ago, the American financier went abroad for strictly business purposes. He did not create as much of a stir as his well-known lieutenant, Chas. M. Schwab, a few weeks ago; but he accomplished a good deal more. Morgan is all business; he sometimes has a little chat with emperors or kings, but that does not turn his head. Some of his stocks may be inflated, but there is no inflation in his mental outfit. In the spring of 1901 he discussed the merits of United States Steel shares with his European friends. Previous to his arrival, speculators and investors in London and Berlin did not take much stock in the issues of the billion dollar trust. They were, in fact, distinctly hostile to Morgan's latest and most remarkable creation. A few pessimistic financial papers over there persisted in pointing out the fatally weak spots in the big trust, its overcapitalization and the uncertainties of the iron and steel business. Things changed very quickly, however, as soon as Morgan had a chance to explain matters. He may have given them a good deal of "hot air," and fed them on glittering generalities, but he did business in a short while. It did not take long until United States Steel shares began to sell like hot cakes. The buying movement received another impetus when dividends began to be paid on both common and preferred shares. The English investor likes dividends; that is his hobby; he wants to get his money's worth, like everybody else, even if a surplus has to be manufactured, or properties have to be "skinned" in every conceivable way.

At the present time, our English cousins are large holders of our steel stocks. They think a whole lot of their investments. They have faith in Morgan; if in nothing else. And faith goes a long way. It removes mountains and converts gold bricks into choice investments. Of course, this does not imply that United States Steel shares are gold bricks. They will be all right as long as things hold together and Morgan maintains his grip on the situation. When he loses that grip something is going to drop,—no doubt about that, but we all indulge the cheery

hope that Morgan will continue to grip things for a long time to come. There is no use borrowing trouble; the dead past has buried its dead, and the future will take care of itself. At the present time, we are going along swimmingly. Everybody is, or supposes himself, prosperous. Money is plentiful, may be had for the asking, and Wall street, it is claimed, will soon give us another exhilarating circus performance. The banks are piling up loans. The trust companies in New York, they say, have shifted their loans onto the banks. The banks are, in fact, willing to assume any old loan, collateral or no collateral. No need to worry about ready cash. Everybody is loaded up with it, and willing, nay, anxious to accommodate you. If you are pinched for an amount of somewhat extraordinary size, all you have to do is to get a certified check from some "easy" cashier, and present the same to your troublesome creditor. Ask him to hold the certified check for a few days, or until the bank has managed to scrape the amount together, and there will be no hitch. Matters will work like a charm. A certain prominent financier, politician and speculator in Detroit used to do this sort of thing and never ran "up against it," until he did it once too often, the result being a "busted" bank and cheated depositors.

Of course, all such things are more or less unknown to our European cousins. Morgan will hardly give them all the facts; he would not be very smart if he did. The skeleton in the closet must remain hidden. Besides, it would not be very genteel to scare people over there with nasty, intimidating stories. They have had scares enough in the last few years. They have been falling from one scare into another, ever since Sir Redvers Buller established a ferry on the Tugela river late in 1899. Matters are on the mend at the present time, however, and the speculator is once more looking for bargains. Morgan will, therefore, be welcome; he has all kinds of bargains. Some are dear and others are cheap bargains. Undoubtedly, Morgan will sell another lot of United States Steel stocks. He has plenty of them for sale still, and will cheerfully furnish all information, prices, etc., upon application.

Verily, these are good days. When we have too much stuff on hand and are anxious to sell, we go over to Europe, where we can find plenty of suckers. The American sucker is about sucked out. Morgan's is a name to conjure with. If you are the holder of a stock, and wish to sell it, tell them that Morgan is endorsing it and backing it up with his immense power and prestige, and immediate success is assured. The European is eager to buy American stocks. He has heard and read so much about the way in which we juggle billions, our tremendous growth as a world-power, our ability to buy up islands, big or small, floating around anywhere in the ocean, our willingness to buy any old Isthmian ditch that may be offering for sale, that he, necessarily, has arrived at the conclusion that Midas is ruling with his magic power, and that everybody has "got money to burn" in the States.

We have such an abundance of nice, pure water that we are, *nolens volens*, compelled to turn some of it into the capitalization of corporations. We have an abundance of everything. We are actually suffering from an uncomfortably plethoric state of affairs. Fat dividends are just flying around in the air. Directors of railroads and combines find it difficult to refrain from paying them. And, then, there are Government bonds. They will soon sell at prices at which they will return nothing to holders. That will make no difference, however. American citizens should be proud to own a Government bond, at any old price, whether it pays anything on the investment or not. It is a matter of patriotism. How patriotic are those honest men who buy up these Government bonds, create a scare and scarcity in the money market, and then induce the U. S. Treasury to buy the bonds at such beautiful prices! But, then, there is satisfaction in the fact that our bonds are quoted at higher rates than any other Government security anywhere in the world.

Morgan will make things hum again. They expect great things from his visit. The climax has not as yet been reached! No matter what may occur in Amalgamated



Copper or Trust Company issues, the Morgan-Atlas will not find it difficult to carry the heavy load for some time longer. It is a heavy load, and some day it will be too heavy, and then,—but *après nous le deluge*.

### THE GENESIS OF A KANSAS TYPE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

SIXTY years ago there was born in a small Canadian port on the great lakes, a boy whose father and grandfather had been sailors of the high seas and in whose blood there tingled, from the first, a passion for the waters and their mysteries. As a child he sailed his tiny ships upon the Georgian Bay, tumbled in its surf, laughed at its storms and at last ventured his dingey upon its deeps. That sort of a boy seldom makes a dutiful scholar and this sailor-bred lad was true to his inbred traditions. He became a sailor of the great lakes. He had learned to read for the same reason that he had learned to sail a ship; he wanted to know all that men knew or dreamed, or hoped about sea-faring.

His first chance to cruise salt water came soon after the discovery of crude oil near his native Canadian village. It was the first "gusher" in America and when it had poured its black wealth five feet deep over miles of the frozen creek near which it issued, its owner dammed up the creek, loaded the crude petroleum into barrels and set about sending the oil to market. Then it was that a bandy-legged skipper of the lakes shipped a cargo of that first oil-strike on his little schooner and with a crew of young village sailors weighed for Holland. It was one of the first expeditions from the inland waters to Europe and the hero of this story was its second mate.

After a dozen years of devotion to his roving trade, a skipper himself now, he weighed anchor at Chicago, one stormy morning and set his course for Buffalo with a heavy cargo. A November storm was lashing Lake Michigan into a tremendous fury and before noon the racing seas had so wrenched and buffeted the schooner that her steering-gear gave way and the loaded vessel went adrift in midlake, tossed broadside before the storm, her cargo shifting till she lay upon her beam-ends, the ice-cold seas breaking over her decks and her drenched crew almost freezing to the rigging. Her boats, impossible to launch, were swept away and the groaning hulk went driving till she had staggered over 150 miles and towards dusk went down in forty feet of water off Ludington harbor in Michigan.

The life-saving lookout at that station saw the wrecked vessel with her famishing crew yet freezing aloft. A dozen attempts were made to launch the life-boat from the beach but the onrushing waves upended it and dashed it back upon the shore. The townsfolk gathered along the wharves helpless, watching the wavering masts where the wrecked sailors hung, watching the life-savers now firing the life-line from the mortar guns, but a black night of sleet and rising fury came down without a sign of hope for the shipwrecked men. The gunners could not shoot the line across the wreck and it was morning again before they knew that the schooner had not gone to pieces and that the game sailors were yet hanging on for dear life. Then a staunch tug ventured out, the fainting sailors dropped one by one into the water and were dragged into safety. The people of Ludington wild with excitement and pity carried them from the landing to their houses. The women wept over them and made a hero of the skipper. It was a holiday in Ludington and the next day a feast was spread for the rescued men. It was at that meeting that the Mayor, introducing the grateful captain to the people, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce Captain Jerry Simpson."

And it was then that Jerry Simpson, "Sockless" Jerry, made his first public speech. He repudiated the idea of any heroism on his part and apologized for his little, fat cook who, upon being told that he ought to "thank God for his rescue," grinned at the devout woman who suggested such pious gratitude and answered, "Don't know who t'

thank yet, but if it hadn't been for that there little tug we'd all been drowned."

Since then Mr. Simpson has become as familiar with the hurricane deck of a broncho as any Kansas navigator. He has run a newspaper and a saw-mill, kept store, trafficked in live-stock and become a Kansan in the fullest sense of the word. He was pound-keeper (some say "dog-catcher") in Medicine Lodge, with no thoughts of fame or future glory looming in his philosophical mind, when one day he wandered into the general-store to buy a gallon of coal-oil. Some of the local politicians were discussing a knotty problem about the Farmers' Alliance, and Jerry, not aware that his oil-can was leaking, stood listening till his purchase was a pool on the floor. Then he set down his can and "cut in" with such a flow of sharp logic, witty invective and wise humor that the crowd of listeners grew, wondering and applauding as he "made a show" of the best-posted arguers in town. Kansas-like, his neighbors then took him up and idolized him. They sent him to Congress and he became a National character, respected and beloved by those who knew him, laughed at only by the gullible who believed him a long-whiskered, un-nurtured, unwashed "freak" who wore no socks and ate pie with a spoon.

I have spent some happy and instructive hours with Mr. Simpson. Though sixty, his hair is black and fine. He wears no beard and his mustache is white and closely cropped. Last week he walked while his companions rode thirty miles after mountain quail and at that he bagged eighty-five birds, the best score made in years over those speedy running birds of this region. He dresses well, wears glasses and white linen, and talks with the soft, yet incisive, manner of a nurtured man. His wit is quaint, pungently droll and unaffected. I was astonished at his knowledge of books and at the unconscious manner of betraying his evident appreciation of historical and fictional literature. He knows Balzac and Moliere as well as he knows Shakespeare and Walter Scott. Victor Hugo is his favorite author. He can relate the whole of the story of "The Man Who Laughs" and expatiate upon every incident in "Toilers of the Sea." These stories appeal to his dominant passion for the sea, and he will show you that Hugo failed utterly to master the vernacular of the sailor in "The Man Who Laughs," but after his banishment to a sea-girt island, became learned in the technicalities of sea-faring and proved his competency in "The Toilers."

Jerry Simpson is all that the jesters and the ignoramus have said he was not. He is a gentle, comely, courageous man who will never grow old. The ocean of the plains has taken the place in his heart once filled by the wastes of water. His favorite pastime is galloping with his son after greyhounds and jack-rabbits in Oklahoma and New Mexico. He is now engaged in the stock business and is reputed wealthy, but he is making plans for a great ranch in New Mexico, where his front yard will reach to the rising sun and his garden-wall will be the Rocky Mountains.

### "DEMNIATION BOW-WOWS" BOOKS.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

I WONDER why it is that we are getting so many strong books, speaking of them as literary performances, which are so weak in motive and so nearly devoid of that most true and essential quality of art depending upon beauty? Letting my mind travel backward through the literary year, which we must now consider as closed, and without fortifying carefully against criticism and denial, it seems to me that nearly every distinctly meritorious novel (with the glaring exception of "Kim") has been written around a motive that is neither artistic nor realistic in the better sense. Trusting still to casual remembrance, it appears, also, that these books have mostly emanated from Europe. Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay" may not have come quite within the year 1901, but it led the procession of funereal lay figures, and, while it charmed and stimu-

lated by its gritty old English and its cavalry-charge literary style, it depressed the heart and dazed the mind by its morbid and unnatural spirit. Since that we have had Hall Caine's "Eternal City," Maxim Gorky's despicable revelations of degeneracy, Mme. Eliza Orzeszko's able but depressing "Argonauts," and now an American edition of George Douglas' "The House with the Green Shutters." There are others, not to neglect Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way," which gives one a fit of blues sufficient to last a whole season through but does not approach in literary ability the others mentioned.

These books are assuredly deserving of high appreciation as literary products, if we may divorce the mechanics of composition from the motive and yet be justified in speaking of it as literary work, which I hesitate to do, believing that the term should of right be also inclusive of the plot and the motive. There is, however, no better term—to use to indicate the bones and flesh of a book as distinct from its blood and spirit than to call it the literary work. I might choose to say that it constitutes but the literary husk of the book, were I to insist upon being logical and transparently honest, so emphatically secondary do I esteem the writing as estimated against that which is written about. In this I am, I know, a philistine.

All of these books have been heralded as notable, and some of them as large elements in the literary development of the times. Notably that by Mr. George Douglas, which was heralded with warm praise by the English critics, one of them declaring it to be "if not a work of genius, something so like genius that we know no other word by which to qualify it." The book has not attracted much attention in America, perhaps because it has an American publisher who has not the knack of getting his books talked about, but I hope it is because it is not suited to the American literary palate.

"The House With the Green Shutters" is the story of the downfall of the passionate and ignorant but powerful "boss" of a small Scotch village, John Gourley. He is enmeshed by retributive circumstances, ruined, driven to desperation and killed; and his wife, son and daughter all follow voluntarily to the grave into which he was hurried. From the beginning of the story this poor Scot is set upon by every adverse and harrying circumstance the ingenuity of the author can conceive, and every motive force is made to play up to the idea that he must be put into a smart "Dutch run" toward utter damnation. But the man had done nothing to deserve such treatment. He was a disagreeable bully, surely; but why should his evil tendencies have been so persistently cultivated and no effort made to bring his better nature to the front? Perhaps this is why: it has been said that the book was written to supply a negative for the seraphic Kailyard novels of Mr. Barrie and his too numerous following, intended to strip the shining tinsel off of the rural Scotch character they have so lavishly and so untiringly dressed it in. So Mr Douglas first dugged his foursome grave and conceived his ugly characters, and then wrote his novel around his conception, tincturing all with the blue pill he meant to administer to Barrie & Co. This is the idea of the clear-headed and astute *Spectator*, but it really seems inadequate for a novel, and a novel of exquisite execution and great power.

The sensitive reader of "The House With the Green Shutters" will feel the same impotent protest that "The Right of Way" inspired; that all the power and literary merit might have been preserved, and even enhanced, if a more human and rational denouement of the plot had been devised. Both books would have gained greatly if a more human and probable ending had been given them, not only in veracity, but in artistic merit. This book of Mr. Douglas' is a terrible tale of the dragging down of a man who has elements of strength and greatness by forces that were petty and mean and ought to have been futile. He courted disaster. He married for money, and got a slattern and vacuous fool for a wife, as well as retributively weak children. He trampled his fellow men under his feet, and



so won their cordial hatred. He was undone, however, by a man to whom he was only carelessly uncivil; not by the wife he had always contemned, the children he had always abused, nor by the neighbors he had always stamped upon and sneered at. None of those he had outraged turned upon him. His wife and son and daughter meekly followed him to the grave, but it was the stranger who got an uncivil greeting who dealt out the bitter dose of retribution to him, even though it was the weakling son who at last dealt him the finishing stroke.

The story, as a story, gives one the horrors. The book, as a literary work, is exquisite. Rarely do we have a book that takes us up and bears us through such a ruck of emotions and false motives so triumphantly to its close. It is the day after that we awake to a realization of the defect of motive; we are borne through the pages too surely and too strongly to note or to feel criticism. It is reckoned in England a great book—one of the greatest of the year. It is. But it would have been greater if it had been more human, if its dominant note had been optimistic rather than so damnably pessimistic.

It is interesting to note that this book of Mr. Douglas very closely follows the lines laid down in "The Argonauts," even to many physical details of the plot—the strong-natured and overbearing husband and father, the consumptive daughter, the weak and worthless son, the utter ruin at last. Gorky's "Foma" is cast in the same mold, and comes to the same abortive ending. Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way" is much the same—ending with a despairing plunge into oblivion.

Such books as these will soon be forgotten. They do not deserve to be, if we esteem them for their literary merits; they do, if we reckon with their motives and their plots.

### SENATOR FORAKER.

BY ASBESTOS.

THE better a man knows Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, the more readily can he understand why that gentleman is the real leader of the Republican party in the State of Ohio, and one of the leaders in the United States Senate. It is of such men as Senator Foraker that leaders are made.

Politically, Foraker is an ideal Republican. He does not endorse all the policies advocated by his party, for he has the judicial mind, but he is loyal to the party and never fails to line up with it when a vote is taken and, if necessary, will come to the front with a speech. He may not believe everything he says concerning the measure, but the chances are he will make the best speech on his side of the Senate, simply because he is capable of making it. He is one of the best lawyers in the Senate and his speeches are at all times arguments and not an attempt to pull the tail feathers out of the eagle. He possesses imagination, great command of language, the gift of eloquence in its best sense, apt illustration and delightful diction, all the attributes of the real orator, from an intellectual standpoint, coupled with a wonderfully musical, rich-toned voice that rings clear and true. This equipment always insures to Foraker a full Senate and a full gallery whenever it is known that he will address the Senate. His speeches, usually, are finished productions and always leave behind a good taste. He can come nearer making some Republican doctrine that is repugnant to the mass of the people and in the interest of the classes seem like a good thing, than any Republican in the Congress.

While Foraker is a bitter partisan, he always fights fairly and never hits below the belt of debate. He always fights in the open and never bushwhacks. In his parliamentary tactics there is nothing of the low cunning that sometimes marks and mars those of some of his colleagues. He knows all the loose joints, however, in the armor of his antagonist and is never slow to take advantage of them. He does it, however, in a manly, front blow and though it may serve his purpose and floor his opponent, the latter

never feels that he has been defeated unfairly and gives no evidence of resentment.

He revels in a running debate. He is brilliant at repartee and when he shortens his sword-arm, crying: "Habet! take it!" there is apt to be another corpse on the Senatorial arena.

During the McKinley administration the Foraker sun was eclipsed by the Hanna moon and the former was not so much in evidence as he will be during this Administration. While he was always regarded by his Senatorial colleagues as the statesman and Hanna as the commercial politician from Ohio, the Hanna "pull" at the White House gave the latter a meretricious standing in the Senate that would be repugnant to a man like Foraker. Notwithstanding the fact that the White House influence was then used to down Foraker in Ohio, that Administration was compelled to call on him to come to its rescue when the Porto Rican tariff bill came up in the last Congress, and he was the floor leader in the Senate who piloted that bill safely over the shoals to a clear passage. If it had not been for his great legal ability, his tact, his parliamentary skill and his forceful personality that bill would have gone to its doom and the "plain duty" policy would have been carried out. His leadership in that memorable debate was superb.

Foraker has been often falsely portrayed in the Southern and Western press as a fire-brand in debate, who goes at things hammer-and-tongs, froths at the mouth and tears passion to tatters. In debate he is the very antithesis of those methods. He never loses his head. He is always calm and cool and deliberate and courteous to the opposition. He watches his opportunity to strike, however, and when he does so he usually hits a bull's eye. It was just such methods that won for him that battle.

That fight also proves the magnanimity of the man, his broad-gauged ideas and his fealty to party. All the time it was going on, and for a long time before, the Chicago *Times-Herald*, owned and edited by Herman Kohlsaat, the man whom all the bakers of Chicago thought a great editor and all the editors thought a great baker, was pouring hot shot into Foraker and saying and doing all in its power to break him down in Ohio and kill his influence in the party. Kohlsaat being so close to McKinley, it looked very much like an inspired attack. That made no difference with Foraker. When his party called him he was at his post and ready to battle to the finish. It is such loyalty to his party, and to his party friends who have stuck to him, that has made him supreme in Republican affairs in the State of Ohio, and this supremacy was attested in the most emphatic manner by his signal defeat of Hanna in the organization of the Ohio Legislature.

Personally, Foraker is one of the most lovable men in the Senate. He is the most approachable man on the Republican side of the chamber. He is affable, kindly, congenial and possesses warm, red, human blood. He is one of the handsomest men in public life to-day. He is tall and is a perfect specimen of physical manhood. He has a magnificent head adorned with iron-gray hair, iron-gray mustache, a perfect nose and a pair of gray-blue eyes that beam kindly on you when in conversation, that twinkle merrily, when the conversation takes on a lighter vein, and that blaze with forceful fire when he is in action on the floor of the Senate. Attired in a dress suit, Senator Foraker is a veritable Apollo. The home life of Senator Foraker is ideal. He is not a rich man, as riches are counted nowadays, but he has a comfortable fortune and his interesting family has had and will continue to have the benefit of it. Just now he is losing his beautiful daughters in marriage, and while he is happy in their happiness, it is a sore trial to him to give them up. His son, Joseph Benson Foraker, Jr., is a son for any father to be proud of and he is proud of him. He is one young man whose good sense has saved him from acquiring a case of the swell head on account of his father's long prominence in public life.

Senator Foraker has thus early declared himself in favor of Mr. Roosevelt for a second term as President. If anything should occur in the meantime to make it inex-

pedient for the Republican party to nominate Roosevelt, in 1904, they could not find a better man for the place than Mr. Foraker. I do not agree with Foraker, politically, and I would not vote for him, but I can not withhold the truth when I write of him as he is and as he appears to men here whose business it is to study public men and know them. The truth of my estimate is attested by his popularity in the Senate regardless of politics. His intellectuality compels the admiration, his high character and magnetic personality win the friendship of every man who knows him.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.

### SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.

MR. WELLS' "ANTICIPATIONS" DO NOT ANTICIPATE.

IS there a possible science of the future as Mr. H. G. Wells suggested in his recent lecture at the London Royal Institution? Whether the answer is to be in the affirmative or negative, the question itself is quite distinct from that other question, is the future contained by implication in the past and present as the conclusion is contained in the major premiss of the syllogism?

Everybody understands enough of scientific methods of reasoning, nowadays, to know that, if we cannot forecast the future course of anything, from the destiny of the Chinese Empire or South Africa to that of Ping-Pong and Bridge, the fault is in ourselves and not in the stars. The laws of the stars are what they were at any time before they were discovered, so far as we know them, and they and all the rest of the universe have doubtless an appointed future. The future is there as the oak lies perdu in the acorn; and we are quite accustomed to deducing oaks from acorns, to speak in a figure, both by common-sense and science, every day of our lives personally, politically, socially, or, if we like to say so, are accustomed to prophesy and discover the future.

How far the process can be carried; whether we have reached the end of our tether; and whether, if there be good reason to suppose that we have not, it would be desirable to employ the possible power of peering further than we have been used to do into futurity, are interesting and possibly important questions.

It is curious how these old problems come round again, as if there were no ends but only cycles in human thought. Prophets, soothsayers interpreters of dreams, astrologers have been at all the courts from the Pharaohs downwards. The astrologers, the alchemists, the Rosicrucians were all prophets in their way. They made shots at futurity on the basis of their science, as our modern philosophers are asked to do now on the basis of theirs; and whether either would or will turn out to be true prophets can be tested only on the arrival of futurity itself.

If the accuracy of prophecy is to depend on the assured basis of any science at a particular moment, there does not seem to be any very great certainty about our forecasts of the future. Not so many years ago the industrial, and therefore the whole social and political future of England, seemed to turn on the geological question of how long the coal fields would last, and the prophecies were doleful. Now the prophecies are cheerful because our new basis of fact is the discovery of electric power.

Take the question of the future of the sun and the solar system in which we humans are personally interested. Mr. Wells had a very particular difficulty about this, for, if we are to be frozen out, that imagined illimitable development of our, at present, humble selves into something growing ever richer and rarer is the baseless fabric of a vision, and we shall cease to "reach out to the stars," as Mr. Wells in an eloquent passage imagined us forever doing. And yet who knows but that, some day, Lord Kelvin, or a successor, may discover a law which countervails that extravagant free-trade radiation of the solar heat into space, which seems to threaten our posterity with such dire calamity.

Or suppose we take another case. Mr. Wells' brilliant



"Anticipations" have opened the eyes of many of us to probable changes of life arising out of the new developments or scientific discoveries and mechanical appliances. That seems a kind of prophecy readily believable because it is actually being fulfilled; it is quite easy to foresee what we see. But what would become of Mr. Wells' anticipations if that report should turn out to be true of the American doctor who has found out all about the vital functions, how we live and why we die; from which it is only a step, or perhaps two or three, to discover how to keep ourselves going forever, or at least as long as the sun may be contemporary with us? Would not Mr. Wells if he had known of this before he wrote his "Anticipations" have had to modify very considerably his forecast of the future? Could he have constructed for us a new social state, a new politic, a new ethic, without taking into account that we were on the verge of becoming immortal? That would make a considerable difference.

We are not to consider society, said Mr. Wells in his lecture, as static but kinetic. True, and that is the very reason why it is impossible to prophesy even in the new fashion on a basis of scientific fact; because the facts are changing while we look at them; and so our prophecy will be constantly changing; which means, of course, that we are not prophesying at all really, except in a very modest way, but are only doing what those who lived before us did, living by the day, as the old religious phrase had it. Not all the scientific genius of the Royal Institution turned on to the discovery of the future can alter the conditions under which prospecting into the future must be carried on. Unless, indeed, that blessed word evolution may be invoked to supply us with a new race of men, whose faculties shall be as adapted for inference from the present to the future as the skillful chessplayer's to foresee the results of a given combination.

There is no sign of that at present. We should imagine that not even Mr. Wells' scientific or romantic imagination enables him to reconstruct a future resulting from modern changes with more prescience than Watt or Stephenson displayed when their thoughts were busy with steam and steam engines. And ordinary people then saw quite as clearly the impending doom of the stage-coach and the wayside inn as ordinary people do now the extinction of the horse car, the steam railway, and the rehabilitation of the deserted inns. Just as clearly or obscurely and not a whit more. There is not one of the many discoveries in physics or biology of which we seem to be on the verge whose consequence we can be a bit more sure about than of those that have preceded.

Experience, and not prophecy or supra-developed acuteness of deduction, will still have to be our method of knowledge as it has been in the past. In general terms it has always been possible to predict that external changes would result in changes of religious or moral views. When the old order has been changing there have always been plenty of prophets of optimism or pessimism who foresaw certain consequences. But whatever the knowledge may have been it was never sufficiently definite to save the old institutions or to frame new ones in advance. For good or evil we have to wait till the consequences develop slowly, and do our best to adapt ourselves to them and create our religious, social, and spiritual institutions as we want them.

Mr. Wells likes to make our flesh creep with the prospects of a new disease: "the coming terror may be crouching for its spring and the fall of humanity be at hand," as he says in a recent little volume of sketches. He mentioned this exhilarating possibility again in his lecture. That may or may not be in store for us, but with all our medical science a scientific forecast cannot be made of it, any more than of the cataclysmal millennial destruction of the world with which religions enthusiasts, from time to time, terrify themselves and the rest of us who have not become too blasé because we have heard of it so often. What we dread most is lest a new craze should spring up and societies of idle people be formed, on the model of

Browning and other societies, for discovering the future. Pseudo-science has great attractions for certain classes, and Mr. Wells is incurring some responsibility in exposing us to the risk of another social nuisance.

Saturday Review.

## THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD.

BY THOMAS J. BRITT.

THE unification of the English-speaking people of the world into one vast empire or sisterhood of States is the Utopian dream of W. T. Stead, formerly connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, now editor of the *Review of Reviews*. That such a combination is possible is set forth with some logic, and quite an array of interesting facts and statistical data, in a book, recently published, entitled "The Americanization of the World."

The writer, at the outset, makes some startling assertions concerning the decadence of the British empire and contrasts it with the advance made by the American Nation in everything that makes for modern civilization, but endeavors to console his countrymen with the thought "that, as the creation of the Americans is the greatest achievement of the English race, there is no reason to resent the part the Americans are playing in fashioning the world in their image; that however the English nation may be out-stripped and overshadowed by the American, no one can deprive the older country of the glory which encompasses 'the cradle of the race,'" and further adds that the United States of America has now arrived at such a pitch of power and prosperity as to have a right to claim the leading place among the English-speaking nations.

Of course, the first step to be taken would be an alliance, offensive and defensive, of the British empire and the United States, and the consequent merging of England and her colonies and dependencies into the sisterhood of States. In support of this contention the writer says: "The Briton, instead of chafing against this inevitable supersession, should cheerfully acquiesce in the decree of destiny, and stand in betimes with the conquering American. The philosophy of common sense teaches us that, seeing we can never again be first, standing alone, we should lose no time in uniting our fortunes with those who have passed us in the race."

Assuming this coalition to be *un fait accompli*, the writer proceeds to state that instead of counting Britain and the United States as two separate and rival states, let us pool the resources of the Empire and the Republic, and regard them, with all their fleets, armies and industrial resources as a political or imperial unit. You would have a population of 121,000,000 self-governing white citizens, controlling 353,000,000 of Asiatics and Africans. This English-speaking populace has already occupied and is ruling all the richest territories in three continents. With the exception of Siberia, it has all the best gold and diamond mines of the earth. It would be the supreme custodian of the waterways of the world, capable of blockading into submission any European State contemplating an appeal to the arbitrament of war. Most of the navigable rivers enter the sea under the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack to-day.

Summing up the tests of civilization in this dual character of the two countries, he says: "We have more schools to the square mile, more universities to the State than any other country. We print more books, read more newspapers, run more libraries. We have more churches and attend them better . . . We are as piratical as the worst of our neighbors; but we pray while we prey . . . In railways, steamships, telephones, telegraphs, electric trolleys, sanitary appliances and the like, we beat the world."

In discussing the question of a system under which all the world-scattered, English-speaking people could unite, he cites the American Constitution as the best known type of a fundamental law that has yet been conceived by man. It is only with such an instrument that a union could be effected, guaranteeing equal right to all. The mode of

electing heads of departments would also be on the American plan. In fact, he states explicitly, and no American is going to disagree with him, that it is the Englishman who is going to be Americanized and not the American Anglicised.

Ireland the writer conceives to be the first and easiest dependency of Britain to be Americanized. With the natural antipathy of the Irish for the English and the thousands of Irishmen now prominent in American politics, it would be a very simple matter for the Irish electors to transfer their representatives from Westminster to Washington.

South Africa, he thinks, would naturally gravitate towards the United States. Upon a conclusion of the present Boer war, attracted by the rich money interests, it is probable that a cosmopolitan population of a quarter of a million would flock to the Rand and insist upon running things its own way.

The West Indian Islands, in the Caribbean Sea, immediately to the south of Florida, the most important of which are Trinidad and Barbadoes, and further to the northeast, the Bahamas and Bermudas, though now under the British flag, attract, each year, increasing numbers from the mainland. The imposition of the sugar bounties practically ruined the industries of these islands. Is it not natural that they should look to the States whose 70,000,000 people have a natural love for the toothsome products of the islands, to enable them to recoup their losses and bring about an era of prosperity? With Porto Rico as an object-lesson, which exporting 40,000 tons of sugar, annually, under Spanish rule, has now increased its exports to 150,000 tons, the logical outcome would be a desire to transfer their allegiance from the King to the President of the United States. Even in the case of Cuba he thinks, that while the United States may not annex Cuba, Cuba will annex itself to the United States.

Newfoundland, the writer thinks, would be among the first of the colonies to desert the English flag and place itself under the protection of America. A thriving colony having been formed, constant friction is caused by the operation of the treaty of Utricht, which gave to the French a region stretching about three hundred miles from north to south on the west coast. The absorption of Newfoundland by the States he regards as the only solution of the problem.

The Dominion of Canada, which the author thinks would be the last of the colonies voluntarily to annex itself to the proposed Union, will finally have to submit to the inevitable. The interchange of commodities between two communities speaking the same language, and living on either side of an imaginary line, is only one of the economic forces that would bring them together. The steady stream of immigration from Canada to the States, the fact that sixty per cent of all the imports of the Dominion are from the States, will eventually prove too potent a factor for the two provinces to remain separate. It is the almighty dollar, he thinks, that will weld this mighty union of the future. American capital is pouring into the Dominion in a vast stream to aid in developing the immense mineral resources of the country, and with this capital American brain and brawn. Land and other concessions have been made by the Parliament of the Dominion, and the Americans are now setting the pace in the province.

Australia, New Zealand and the other dependencies of Britain in the antipodes, are more certainly in sympathy with America than with the Empire, and with their advanced ideas and liberal forms of government would drop in easily with the new order of things. They have already patterned their system of government on the American plan, and have taken some steps even in advance of American ideas. So far as Europe is concerned, he thinks the Kaiser would be the greatest opponent of American aggression, but the immense German immigration to the States has so knit the two countries in kinship that the Teuton in this country differentiates between the Emperor and the Empire.

America, Mr. Stead says, is the crucible of nations,



where human ingots are dropped into the smelting pot and fused into a great world-governing people. To this invincible race of beings the great problems of the world will be presented for adjudication. Christian men and women have penetrated into the far East, establishing American schools and colleges, and are endeavoring to infuse new life into the Asiatic races. All the debatable problems presented by Bulgaria, Turkey, China and Japan, will have to be finally settled by the American Nation.

Mr. Stead pays a great tribute to American literature, and speaks especially of the works of Henry George, Bellamy and Sheldon. The influence of American literature has been distinctly good, he says. What there is of it evil has been consumed at home. American humor and American poetry have been both refining and inspiring in their influence on the masses of our people. In summing up his argument, Mr. Stead uses these words:

"What is a conclusion of the whole matter? It may be stated in a sentence. There lies before the people of Great Britain a choice of two alternatives. If they decide to merge the existence of the British Empire in the United States of the English-speaking World they may continue for all time to be an integral part of the greatest of all World-Powers, supreme and unassailable on land, permanently delivered from all fear of hostile attack, and capable of wielding irresistible influence in all parts of this planet.

"That is one alternative. The other is the acceptance of our supersession by the United States as the center of gravity in the English speaking world, the loss one by one of our great colonies and our ultimate reduction to the status of an English-speaking Belgium. One or the other it must be. Seldom has a more momentous question been presented to the citizen of any country."

The whole trend of our time, he adds, is towards the unification of a common stock and common language; it would carry incalculable advantages, prevent fratricidal conflicts or foreign attack, and improve prosperity at home and the influence exercised abroad. Thus it is possible to constitute as one vast federated unity the English-speaking United States of the World.

### NOT A WOMAN.

A BOSTON EPISODE.

Geoffrey was of a singular temperament. He did so enjoy trying experiments on human natures.

People said that he was *epais* with Mrs. Harriott. When he heard the rumor he was led to wonder what sort of a woman Mrs. Harriott really was.

The very next day he saw her buying some violets on the corner by the Interurban, so he crossed over and held her muff while she paid for the flowers.

"Have women any real idea of truth?" he asked, as they stood there side by side.

Mrs. Harriott was busy pinning on her violets. "I don't know," she said, absent-mindedly. "I'm not a woman, anyway—I'm a Colonial Dame."

"For instance, now," Geoffrey went on, feeling in his pocket, "if I give you this note, and you promise me that you will not open it until you are alone in your room at home, can you keep your word?"

Mrs. Harriott suddenly recollected that this man was said to be most awfully in love with her. She looked up with interest.

"Yes, of course I can."

Geoffrey put the note in her hand, and she buried both hand and note deep in her muff.

"This is your car, isn't it?" he said, a minute later; "I'll get on with you."

He went half up the aisle to secure her a seat alone to herself and then he bowed and left her.

The instant he was gone she took out the note and examined it carefully. There was nothing on the envelope and it felt thin.

Curious!

She looked carefully around, to be sure that no one whom she knew was near, and then she tore it open.

There were only two lines:

"You said that you would keep it until you were alone at home, and now you are letting the man behind read every word."

Mrs. Harriott turned quickly in her seat. The man behind was Geoffrey himself!

Town Topics.

### EVOLUTION OF AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

THE rumor that Augustus Thomas' next play is to be called "Utah," that it will be a melodrama of morals, and that he will have for a collaborator the author of "The Aristocrats" is, possibly, without foundation. I say possibly, because the collaboration would, in some respects, be so congruous that it may be just as well to wait for elaborate and specific denials before questioning the story at all. And then, you know, Mrs. Atherton's daring performance has not been dramatized—a notable exception in the long array of current American novels.

What Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Thomas have in common is plain enough to all who are in the least familiar with the work of both. Mrs. Atherton not only believes in calling a spade a spade, but she insists that if the social soil is to be properly stirred this special implement alone, must be used. The wearing of kid gloves and the customary scratching on the surface of things will never bring forth the kind of California fruit that every robust appetite demands. But with the diligent use of the spade and a little judicious harrowing, it is possible not only to cultivate the soil in the intensive European way, but to cultivate the taste as well.

Mr. Thomas, too, has long had yearnings after the Americanized form of naturalism, but, unlike Mrs. Atherton, he has been hampered by the limitations of the stage. If my recollection serves me, he succeeded in introducing only one emphatic "damn" in "Alabama." This was due, perhaps, to the almost constant presence of ladies; whereas in "Arizona" he has been able not only to exploit, in a dual way, the theme so precious to Mrs. Atherton's pen, but to attain a pitch of profanity which no woman may hope to rival, however lightly she trips along on forbidden ground. Fortunately, no matter how depraved public taste may become, it cannot emasculate female genius. And since the days of Sappho—I mean the original lady who helped to populate the Isles of Greece—the gentler sex can always be counted upon to set the flickering flame of a sickly literature into a good, healthy glow.

Mr. Thomas, too, being only a man, has been handicapped in other ways. Since he first elaborated the petty larceny of Mrs. Burdett's story into a crime which any St. Louis Four Courts reporter would hail as good stuff, he has constantly been taunted by critics with poverty of action. Even the tranquil, dramatic charm of "Alabama" was held against him by dramatic editors who raved over "As You Like It" when exploited by Augustin Daly.

It was then that Mr. Thomas took counsel with himself, and whooped things up a little faster in "In Mizzoura." And still the critics caviled. "Action!" they shouted. "Give us more action!"

Mr. Thomas answered them with "Arizona," which, to my mind, is quite the best play of its kind which an American has produced. Here, it might seem, was action enough.

But having acquired such momentum, Mr. Thomas could not stop himself. Fired with a zeal to stifle all complaints, he constructed "Colorado" only to find his motives misunderstood.

Who is to blame if he over-reached himself? Is it not an axiom of French dramatic art—I believe you will find it in Diderot—to introduce nothing on the stage without a purpose; that you must not bring a gun upon the scene unless that gun is, sooner or later, to go off? So much for French canons of criticism! In Colorado it is quite different. Everybody there carries a gun, but seldom uses it. Thus

Mr. Thomas found himself in a false position. He could not retreat without abandoning his purpose. So, imitating a dramatic poet, he got all his guns into action and flashed his loud artillery. I need not, at this late day, go into the inventory of Winchesters, carbines and six shooters. Everybody knows that as operatic music is sometimes too loud for the singers, so Mr. Thomas drowned the voices of his actors with too much gun-play. Like the amateur photographer who snaps his camera at the principals in a Western shooting scrape, he found, too late, that the figures were obscured by smoke. It is all well enough in a poem on Hohenlinden, but on the stage it won't do.

Still, it will be interesting to see what Colorado thinks of "Colorado," according to its own canons of criticism. In Mr. Thomas' endeavors to supply action has he, perhaps, produced something actionable? Let us hope for the best.

And let us trust that the rumor as to "Utah" is true, and that it will be advanced in the playwright's repertory before "Wyoming" and "Texas"—even before "California," the erstwhile home of Mrs. Atherton. For if Mr. Thomas will make his men talk when the ladies on the stage are absent, and Mrs. Atherton will make her women talk when the men are not around, we may expect something far better than "Colorado"—*chile Colorado*, as it were, which, as everybody, since the Spanish-American war, very well knows, is only another name for "hot stuff."

### HIS FRIEND, CHARLES BROWN.

BY ELLIS WALTER.

CHARLES BROWN received a crushing blow. Unconsciously, without any motive whatever, he had peeped through the window of his sitting-room when he returned home one evening, and had seen what came to him with all the shock of absolute surprise. He staggered, as though he had been struck by a strong arm, and then rushed from the place. As he tore madly along the street, away from his home, the fresh, cool air soothed him. Gradually he became calm, and so completely mastered his feelings that, when he walked into his house, his wife noticed nothing.

Days, weeks, months passed, and Charles Brown made no sign. The shock that he had received did not appear to have affected him. But, after four months, there happened that which sent the blood dancing through his veins with delightful, intoxicating pulsation. The office-boy, scampering home an hour earlier than usual, marked the day with white chalk, for the "boss" had told him to keep the change when purchasing some cigars.

At 5 o'clock that day Charles Brown had a visitor—a man in great trouble. With much hesitation he told of what haunted him. He was heavily involved. Dishonor stared him in the face. It meant ruin, exile. There was no hint of any dishonesty. Misfortune—carelessness, not fraud—was the cause of the trouble.

Charles Brown closed the door of the outer-office and turned the key. He came back with a mild glow of concern and sympathy.

"Would not time brighten things?" he asked, softly.

"Yes, time would brighten things," the visitor replied.

"Well, just now, I have not the money available to tide you over your little difficulties, but if for a month the money could be obtained—only a month—I, Charles Brown, your friend, will lend you the money to pay back the loan, and all will be well."

The visitor breathed more freely; hope leaped into his eyes. "But where can I obtain the loan?" he asked, bitterly, hope drowned in despondency.

"For a month—only for a month." Charles Brown bent forward till his mouth almost touched the ear of the visitor, speaking very softly. "A secret loan, perhaps not a month; a loan that none need know about."

The fear that shook the nerves of his visitor was not unnoticed by Charles Brown, who summoned all his mind to urge the point. "Is there such a sum that you know of—money that is not needed; that will not be missed for a little time, a month? When it is wanted, I, your friend, will have it for you."



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Fear faded from the visitor's face, and hope shone again. Money he must have. There was money he knew of, money lying idle, money that had not been touched for months and, doubtless, would not be required for as many more. If he took it as a loan, only a loan, he could tide over his trouble. What things might turn up in the meantime? Perhaps fortune would smile on him, after all. Whether or no, his friend, Charles Brown, a man known throughout all the city as a true man, would come to his rescue. There was no risk, absolutely none.

The Post-Office clock struck six when Ernest Leek, a civil servant, given to horse-racing and gambling in general, left the office with Charles Brown's words of encouragement in his ears.

At four o'clock next day he met his friend: "Charles, I have done it?"—he trembled as he spoke; "in my hour of need I must look to you."

"You have never had, and never will have, a truer friend than I shall try to be to you," said Charles Brown.

The month had almost passed and fortune had not smiled upon Ernest Leek. "Wait," his friend, Charles Brown, had replied to an uneasy reminder. "Wait. Have no fear. I have promised."

The full month had passed when Ernest again called upon his friend. "The hour is come," he said, trembling; "I can't hide the shortage any longer."

"The time up?"

"Yes, it has come," replied Leek. "You will lend the money?"

"In a day or two. I am not ready yet."

"In a day, or two! Man, it is a matter of hours. In a day or two! To-morrow at eleven o'clock will be too late!"

"Is that so? Then, my boy, it must be done. Meet me here to-morrow at nine."

Charles, my friend, my savior! give me the money now! Let me feel that I have it. Let me now, at this moment, put it back! I will not feel safe till it is there. My friend, my savior! do, give it to me now—now! The distracted man tugged at the arm of the other.

It may have been the hurry he was in that made Charles Brown gaze unmoved on the face before him. "Nine o'clock to-morrow. Train to catch," and he rushed away.

At a quarter to nine Ernest Leek stood at the door of Charles Brown's office, and his eyes searched the street for the coming of his friend. Nine o'clock. The Post-Office bell struck the hour. But there was no appearance of Brown. The minutes slipped by. Quarter-past—half-past—ten. The great bell, with slow persistency, tolled the

hour. Still Leek waited. What could it mean? He never asked himself the reason. All thoughts were banished by the fear that had possession of him. Quarter-past ten. Oh! the agony of the time. The waiting man scanned every face as the city's slaves hurried on. The hands seemed to race round the clock. In a moment of fantasy he thought of some pony race of the past at Kensington.

Half-past. It seemed but a minute or two, so rapidly the hands moved round, when a quarter to eleven struck. For two hours Ernest Leek had waited. That time had been filled with the greatest anguish of his life. With a strange fascination he gazed at the clock. The chimes had rung. The great bell began to knell the hour. Leek counted the strokes—Eleven! All was now lost.

As he turned away, dead hope stirred again, for Charles Brown appeared. Was it yet possible to get back to the office before his absence was noticed? If so, all was saved. "Quick, man—quick; the money! You are late, awfully late—I am afraid too late!" and he followed Brown into the narrow passage that led to the office. He grasped him by the arm—"The money, man! the money! Every moment is risk. Quick, Charles, the money!"

Charles Brown did not answer.

"Good God! What is the matter? Can't you understand? The inspector is there, waiting for me. Give me the money. Quick! Quick, and let me get back!"

"I have not got it." The voice was even, and free from emotion.

Leek looked at him dully; he did not at first comprehend. "Not got it?" Then the full meaning of that fact came to him; and he was calm with the calmness of despair. "Then I am lost. I depended upon you."

"Get back to the office. Don't wait, get back."

"But the—"

"Don't wait, get back. I'll follow," and he pushed him into the street.

Six weeks later, Ernest Leek became a prisoner in Bathurst jail. A week after, Charles Brown, returning from Melbourne with his wife, who had spent the previous six months there, crossed over from Harden on to the Western line to stay a night at Bathurst. The next morning accompanied by his wife, he presented himself at the door of the jail. An official order gained them admittance.

Ernest Leek was in deep, puzzled thought when the warder told him visitors had called. It was the first time he had had any. So many regulations were dinned into his ears by the warder that he felt dazed and confused. He was led down a narrow passage, then ordered to stop, and, turning, found himself facing a barred window which looked into another, but wider corridor. The man standing in front, a little distance from him, was his friend, Charles Brown.

"Charles Brown!" The voice was so altered that Brown almost failed to recognize it.

"Yes, Ernest Leek, I have come to see you, to see you here, here in your new home. And I have brought someone else to see you—to see you here."

Brown stepped back and revealed his wife. To the woman and to the prisoner it was unexpected. She, with a piteous effort, thrust a trembling hand through the bars. The warder stepped forward just in time to catch her as she fell.

They put her upon a bench, the prisoner looking through the bars at them. The swoon soon passed.

"Charles Brown," the prisoner called out.

Brown walked towards the grating, a smile on his face.

"Charles Brown," said the prisoner, "you know—"

"All! I left the banquet early on the 24th of May. Some Providence that watches over the injured prompted me to look through the window of my sitting-room before knocking. I saw all."

"And this?" asked the prisoner.

"Is my revenge—my revenge on both of you!"

*From the Sidney Bulletin.*

## VISITOR.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

A LITTLE hand is knocking at my heart,  
And I have closed the door.  
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart:  
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open, for I am weary of the way.  
The night is very black.  
I have been wondering many a night and day.  
Open. I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently;  
I listen, dumb with pain.  
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?  
I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.  
I, that once lived, am dead."  
The hand that had been knocking at my heart  
Was still. "And I?" she said.

There is no sound save in the winter air—  
The sound of wind and rain.  
All that I loved in all the world stands there,  
And will not knock again.



## AT THE PLAY.

The Rogers Brothers, at the Olympic, this week are drawing houses that surpass those which greeted Irving or Mansfield. As the Roger's brothers might say, "why it is, isn't it yet, not?"

There is a reason for it. That reason is that the show appeals to innate primordial, rudimentary taste.

The thing they call "In Washington" is silly—idiotic. That is not condemnatorily said. The thing is deliberately silly. Sense is absolutely shunned in the "converazioning langwishes." Absurdity is striven for by the most childish tricks of speech, and the thing striven for is attained. Perhaps there is an art of imbecility. If there be, then Rogers Brothers are Artists with the biggest A in the print-shop. I suspect they are artists. They know what to avoid. They don't try to do anything much different from what they did when they were knockabout, stuttering, sputtering vandevillians.

Much language there is in their production that is absolutely drivell, just doddering, vacuos drivell of speech, but just as it becomes almost intolerable the comedians—God save the mark—shoot in a clever, unexpected witticism or pun that has no reference to anything whatever. Rogers Brothers simply burlesque a burlesque upon a burlesque. They are elaborately and almost laboriously funny, but they punctuate that sort of fun with flashes of real, somewhat crude, wit.

Their art is a high form of appeal to that amusement, instinct of children which is gratified when their elder brothers and sisters make faces for them or indulge in other archaic not to say embryonic, mimics.

Then the Roger's Brothers put themselves in a sensuous if not a sensual setting. They have lots of pretty girls about them. The girls have shapely legs and luscious shapes and strongly accentuated sensualized faces. The girls are put up and dressed up to hit about what the most oafish man in the street would conceive to be a real siren. As much girl is exposed as possible, and what is not exposed is treated with color and gilt and feathers and ribbons all in a rather strong key. The girls are brought on and off at the slightest provocation or none at all and they say things and sing things that are calculated for the meridian social of the old time social club whose constitution was a keg of beer of a Saturday night and the by-laws a deck of greasy cards.

The girls sing a little, swish and swirl their skirts a little, shake their heads flirtatiously just a little and go through simple stage evolutions while the colored lights are shifted upon them.

This then is the combination that charms: primeval wit, antediluvian humor, horse play, sensuality of muliebrity, color, song. And it does charm. You find yourself enjoying it even while condemning yourself for being such a ninny as to do so. The songs are hardly music, but you can't help whistling them. The jokes are dragged in by the ears, but you laugh at them. The stage groupings and marchings are primitive, but you applaud them. All in all you have a good time just as all the other people have about you. The show goes right straight at your craving for the simplest form of entertainment. And you say, when you are trying to find excuses for your intellectual self, "well, it isn't smutty or nasty, anyhow."

To me, admitting the silliness of it all,

the most delicious thing in these shows, after the tenuousness of the threal upon which the acts are strung, is the vaudeville artist in a dress suit. I don't mean Gus Weinberg, who was born in evening clothes, but I'm thinking of the moon-faced chap that is the father of the giddy girls and gayer than they. He walks like a policeman and swings his shoulders like John L. Sullivan and says every word just like another. He's great stuff, he is. He "seen it" and he "done it" and he "trun it" and his elegance is that of the prize fight impressario presiding at the benefit to a defeated "champeen."

Close to him in charm is always the girl who comes out and sings something about the things that happen in society and incidentally displaying a wonderful wealth of the sort of pantalettes that they serve on prairie chickens' legs, and—say, did you observe that buckle? It's just lovely the way these young things picture society for you in voices and tunes that always remind you of old Coney Island mermaids in the little dance halls with the wienerwurst merchant at the door.

Then there's the Maggie Cline girl, the copy of Jim Hunecker's "Brunhilde of the Bowery," with strident voice, big arms, shoulders that suggest slugging and again that fearsome speech which is uttered without regard to any meaning and with no modulation short of a metallic shriek. She's great especially when she combines slang with her conception of the outward forms of elegant carriage, and says "Say," as if she were ordering beer at Brodie's for the edification of some searcher after local color.

They are all with the "Rogers Brothers In Washington." They are all just as they were in the old days when vaudeville was variety-show. They are put in a pleasant setting of color and they're toned down somewhat, but they are ever the same, ever amusing in their crass conceit of the exceeding artisticity of their own doings.

It's great. It makes you see yourself again as you were when you thought the gibbous, hard-voiced variety woman a divinity beyond reach.

But then you need something to disinfect yourself with, in a sense, and you turn with great relief to a show like that at the Century where Neill Burgess is playing "The County Fair." There you see simple folks; too simple of course to have ever lived. But they are folks that are not horribly flip and lethally legsome, and stewing in the juice of the Tenderloin.

"The County Fair" is a good antidote to the Rogers Brothers. But I'm not saying that the Rogers Brothers are not a good antidote to the frame of mind in which some people get themselves, now and then, of taking themselves and others too seriously. The Rogers Brothers show is not to be ignored. It is built for the temporary abandonment of audiences to the bliss of mindlessness and utter obliviousness of all regard for consecutivity of impression.

*The Deadhead.*

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Mrs. W. T. Adair is visiting in Washington City.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence White have returned from Washington.

Mrs. B. F. Hobart has returned from a visit to Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. George Edmonson has returned from a visit to Sedalia, Mo.

Mrs. James B. True has gone to Springfield, Mo., to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clifford are in New York, on their way to Florida.

Mrs. Louis Mullgardt is visiting her father, Mr. Steffen, in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Gerhart leave this week for Hot Springs, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Hassett are among the St. Louisans at Tampa Bay.

Mrs. Russell Harding and Mrs. Harding, Sr., have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Biebinge will leave St. Louis about the first of March.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Nugent are among the St. Louisans at Tampa Bay, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Carpenter are in Los Angeles, Cal., to remain until spring.

Mrs. Sam Nave of St. Joseph, Mo., is visiting Mrs. Robert E. Filley and Miss Lulu Hopkins.

Mrs. Celeste Pim has been entertaining her daughter, Mrs. George Kay, of Chicago.

Captain John N. Bofinger has left New Orleans, and joined the St. Louisans in Florida.

Miss Maud Niedringhaus gave a Valentine luncheon, last week, to a number of young friends.

Miss Laura Molker goes, this week, to join her brother, Mr. Molker and his wife, at Coronado Beach, Cal.

Mrs. Clinton Udell will give two large progressive euchre parties, one this afternoon and one to-morrow.

Mrs. A. A. Condon will give a musicale next Monday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Galen L. Tate, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Henry Clark, of Montgomery City, has taken the Whitaker home on Washington avenue, near Grand avenue.

The Junior Class of the Mary Institute entertained the Senior Class, on Saturday, at a luncheon at the Planters' Hotel.

Mrs. S. S. Blackwell is recovering from a severe illness, and will shortly go to Hot Springs, Ark., with her husband.

The whist party given last Tuesday, at the Mercantile Club, by Mrs. James Barker and Mrs. Oyler, included over fifty guests.

Miss Ruth Spencer is being entertained in Indianapolis, by her friend, Miss Carrie Burford, who visited Miss Spencer here last fall.

Mrs. Charles Todd Clark gave a reception on Tuesday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. M. G. Wolfe, Mrs. Hinman Clark, Miss Clara Clark and Miss Wellington Adams.

Mrs. John Dryden has sent out cards for a tea to be given Friday, February 21st, to the graduating class of Hosmer Hall. The card of Miss Zella Slack is enclosed.

The Cabaune Club have made arrangements to give a Colonial Ball on Washington's birthday. The guests will appear garbed in the costume of Washington's time.

Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser will give a six-handed euchre party, on Saturday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. T. J. Caie, of Cincinnati. Misses Florence and Laura Kaiser will be dressed in Martha Washington costume.

Miss Harriette Whyte, of Kirkwood, will leave the latter part of the week, to visit her sister, Mrs. James Copping Cotter, of Indianapolis. Her mother, Mrs. James Graham White, gave a large dinner party last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Mauran are chaperoning a party of young people at Palm Beach, Florida. Among them were Misses Marie Scanlan, Carol West, Irene Catlin, Messrs. Philip Scanlan, Walter McKittrick and Sam Davis.

The Acephalous Euchre Club was entertained, last Monday afternoon, by Mrs. R. K. Walker. The first prize was won by Mrs. Charles Francis and the second by Mrs. Prentiss Dana Cheney. Miss Celeste Wilkinson received the guest's first prize, and Mrs. Franklin Armstrong, the second.

Mrs. W. J. Gilbert gave a reception on Monday afternoon, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. W. G. Dunham. Mrs. James Gettys assisted in receiving. Among the guests were, Mesdames George P. Jones, Franklin Armstrong, Margaret Beach, G. T. Wallace, J. W. Fristoe, J. P. Boogher, Clinton Udell, George Warren Brown.

SOARING OF SILKS.

The big fire in Paterson, N. J., is coming home to everybody who must have silk in his business, or in his or her clothing.

"Probably two million dollars' worth of raw and woven silk in the hands of the dyers and throwsters in Paterson was destroyed, and this, in the face of the stiff silk market, will cause a rise of at least 10 per cent in the price of plain taffetas, peau de soie, peau de reine, duchess, staple black and colored goods, heavy weaves and woven novelties," said a prominent silk merchant, of Chicago, to a reporter of the *Record-Herald*, the other day.

"Mr. Woodruff, of our New York office, tells me that only a few of the unimportant silk mills are affected, but that the dyers and throwsters scattered through the burned district have lost nearly all the silk they had on hand and they had a large quantity in preparation for spring delivery. I cannot say as yet how much effect this will have on the general silk market; it will undoubtedly have some. On the lines I have mentioned, and in short, on all lines of silk where yarns pass through the hands of the throwsters and dyers, or, as we call them, yarn dyed goods, the rise will certainly be at least 10 per cent.

"Paterson is the Lyons of America in the silk industry, and with Hoboken and Union Hill, produces at least 65 or 70 per cent of all the woven silk goods made in America. Also a large proportion of the dyeing is done there. The output of the Paterson mills is mostly confined to the elegant goods of the trade, and the goods destroyed were of the very best quality, both raw and woven. The prices of printed goods, light wash goods, foulards and most ribbons will not be seriously affected."

"Paterson is the headquarters for the silk industry in America," said another silk merchant. "In addition to the great number of silk mills, large and small, most of the dyeing and throwing establishments are there.

"Throwing is the process that the raw silk goes through to be made into sewing silk, twists, fringes, organdies, wraps for weaving floss, for covering silk cords, and tram, a coarse floss used for insulating electric wires. In addition, there are numerous factories for making silk machinery and mill supplies.

"The effect on the silk market, now short and stiff, will be considerable, if any of the mills are seriously affected or if the dyers and throwsters, now loaded with raw and unfinished goods preparing for spring delivery, have sustained heavy losses. The price of raw silk went up fifty cents a pound within the past year. It is the very worst time in the year for such a thing to happen; spring goods are just being made up, and this is an exceptionally heavy year for silks.

"I should say that at least three-fourths of all the silk dyeing in the country is done in Paterson, and they do special work there that is done nowhere else. If any of these branches of the silk industry have sustained serious losses it will certainly affect prices this spring."

The penitential season is here, and each and everyone is endeavoring to think of something of which to deny themselves; some sacrifice to make, and thus mortify the flesh. But there is one sacrifice no one will think of making, that is denying themselves the pleasure of purchasing and wearing a pair of Swope's shoes. Swope's shoes are noted for fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



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ONE CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

When the old clothes man dropped into the kitchen of a South Side residence the other day he saw the man of the house hugging the kitchen range, with a woolen shawl tied over his head. After the dealer had got through haggling with the mistress of the house as to the price to be paid for certain cast-off articles of apparel, a proceeding punctuated by frequent groans from the region of the stove, he jerked his head toward that quarter and inquired:

"What's the matter with him? Is he cold?"

"He's got the toothache, and has been suffering tortures all night with it," answered the wife of the sufferer.

"Is that all?" said the old clothes man. "I thought maybe he was cold."

"I only wish you had it," snarled the sufferer. "If you had you'd be glad to be cold."

This sally made the old clothes man laugh. "A toothache ain't nothin'," he said. "I can cure a toothache in a minute if the tooth ain't ulcerated."

"Cure this one and I'll give you a suit of clothes," answered the man.

The old clothes man asked for an old iron spoon and some salt. These being provided he filled the spoon with salt and laid the spoon on the glowing coals in the range. When the salt was as hot as it could get he poured it on a clean sheet of paper, and with a broad-bladed knife pulverized it into a fine powder.

"Snuff some of this up your nose," he said, offering the paper to the sufferer. "When you want to spit, your toothache will be gone."

It was only a moment until the sufferer sneezed and then expectorated. "By Jove, but it's gone!" he exclaimed, as he tore the shawl from his head and then danced a jig in his joy. "That's the greatest ever," he said. "How in the world did you do it?"

"I dun' know. Some folks say there's a chemical action comes from the iron spoon, hot salt and scorched paper. But when it goes round your hopper and hits the right nerve it stops the ache. I've tried it on hundreds of people, and it never fails 'cept on an ulcerated tooth, and it makes your head feel fine." And then he laughed: "Shall I take your clothes now or wait until next time?"—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

HER INTENTIONS GOOD.

She really intended paying her fare when she boarded the street car, for she had ten cents saved from the bargain-day scrimmage, but the conductor happened to be a gentleman, and by paying the fare himself saved her a weary walk to the family residence. She had the ten cents with her when she boarded the car, and she still had the money when the conductor came through on his trip for fares, but she did not pay the conductor. It was all the motorman's fault. With her arms full of bundles, she was compelled to hold the ten cent piece between her teeth. The motorman turned on the current, the car gave a jerk, and she gave a start.

"Fare, please," said the conductor, and she turned pale.

"I can't pay you," she stammered, going from white to red and from red back to white.

"But I can't carry you for nothing," remonstrated the conductor.

"I know it, but I can't help it. I had the money when I got on the car, but—but I swallowed it."

A rough fellow on the other side of the car snorted a rude laugh, but the conductor was a gentleman, and without another word he pulled the register rope for another fare and passed on.—*St. Paul Globe.*

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## IN PRAISE OF "RED BILL."

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The MIRROR, in its issue of February 12th, published an article upon "Red Bill," signed "Director," and while the writer is only "a subscriber" (to both the MIRROR and the Fair) he thinks that a change of view-point will change the point of view.

The object of the attack needs no defence. As he very tersely puts it, he would "neither be scared nor flattered," and it has been the non-recognition of this attitude, which the MIRROR finds so commendable in the Mayor, that has caused criticism.

When the matter of the Fair was in its infancy, and the Strong Man was needed to keep the movement going, Thompson was found "like a stone wall," and to him alone the public of this city owe the Fair. And he was in favor of the Fair, not from any personal motive, but with the idea that the moral influence of the Fair was what was needed to bring from approaching lethargy a number of our good citizens, who did not have the privilege or desire to travel. As they would not, or could not see the world, the world would be brought to them. The broader ideas and the awakening for better things would make our city a habitation of which all would be proud.

He has been the embodiment of common sense. His common sense, his really wonderful perception of the relative value of things, seems so simple that its value is overlooked. His reasoning from cause to effect is so rapid that his judgment seems intuition. He has been the Man who Does for years in this community, without being recognized as such, not caring for print nor publicity, but animated with a desire to do things right.

With his great common sense, he has not over-looked the fact that men's personal interests must be recognized to keep up their interest. At the same time, he is not blinded by false motives; and, if over-reaching directors have been "turned down," in their hearts they know the justice of the act.

Sitting at a desk next to a busy run-way, separated only by an open door, he is the most easily reached of any man of affairs in this city. If any should cavil at his quickness in coming to a point in an interview, it is with disregard of the time of others, but no one can say that they were not given a polite or respectful hearing. If the World's Fair Committee meetings are not permitted to become After-Dinner Talks, or Pink Teas, it is because the same insistence is made to get down to business.

If you will analyze the make-up of the Board of Directors, you will find it is composed of men of decidedly variegated character, and if it is not necessary to have in the leader a man of great strength of character, and of Bismarckian tendencies, then the writer is much mistaken.

The World's Fair at Chicago was directed by successful business men, and there was an almost absolute lack of men from the professions. The Board of Directors here is composed of a like class, and fittingly. The enterprise, while new to everybody, must be run in channels along which success in other fields has been gained, and there is neither time nor desire for the experimenter, be he more cultivated in the gentler arts.

If you cannot at once see the reason for a move, it should not necessarily imply its

failure. To those people who really know, the movement of the Fair is being carried forward synchronously, rapidly and with thought, and if the people cannot, with propriety, be taken into the absolute confidence of the Directors, it is not because dark deeds are being enacted, or their rights being neglected.

You are not going to get perfection in any man. If the experience gained in being at one time president of fourteen corporations, and director in thirty-eight, is of no value; if credit is given, as it should be given, for keeping up the financial standing of this city during the panic; if the Man Behind the Man in Front of almost every great enterprise conceived and carried out here in years, is recognized, then one must admit that it would be difficult to find a leader with more experience in bringing great ventures to an all-around successful ending.

Very truly yours,  
A Subscriber.

The MIRROR gives space to the above letter in simple fairness to "Red Bill," but if "the object of attack needs no defence," why the above defence? The MIRROR correspondent of last week did not impute any low motives to the gentleman criticized. He dealt only with the gentleman's domineering, overbearing, bulldozing manner of administration. This week's correspondent does not deny the manner. Last week's correspondent rendered tribute to "Red Bill's" strength and his devotion to the Fair in dark days. Common sense was not denied the gentleman, nor was his insistence upon getting down to business found fault with. The issue taken with the gentleman was that he dominated and called down other directors for mere expression of opinion in a manner inconsiderate if not tyrannical and brutal. The World's Fair may need a leader of Bismarckian tendencies, but not a man of John L. Sullivan-ness. What a charming phrase that is which finds excuse for the "Red Bill" assumption that "the people cannot with propriety be taken into the absolute confidence of the Directors!" There you have it. The people are not to be trusted. There must be a governing class. We must trust "Red Bill" and the other Directors, who selected themselves, as a superior, governing class in World's Fair matters. The people do not deserve—the rabble *sans culottes* that they are—"the absolute confidence of the Directors," but the Directors must have the absolute confidence of the people, who have subscribed their money and taxed themselves heavily for the Fair. Is the World's Fair a "blind pool" arrangement, or is it a public enterprise? How do the people know their "rights" are not "being neglected," when the mildest criticism or the humblest inquiry is snarled down? What is "the president of fourteen corporations at one time and director in thirty-eight" against six hundred thousand people, or rather seventy million people, for the whole country has a stake in the Fair? Does it absolve a man of the obligation of consideration for others to be president and director of many corporations? Or does such manifold activity breed a semi-official insolence and approximate boorishness? And is it not plain that "Subscriber" above thinks that corporationism is something sacrosanct. "Red Bill" is "all right" because he is such a corporation

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man—there's an argument for you. It gives him rights, does this corporationism, to over-ride mere individuals who venture humbly to doubt his impeccability. The original contribution upon the quality of the gentleman called "Red Bill," is not one-thousandth part as damnable as this defense of an "object of attack that needs no defence." Why not put the defence that was not needed in one sentence: "the people be damned?"

Mermod and Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

## Long Ago

By MICHAEL FIELD

IN a letter from Robert Browning, which has just been printed, he asks: "Did you get a little book by Michael Field, 'Long Ago,' a number of poems written to *nnestars* what fragmentary lines and words we have left of Sappho's poetry? . . . The author is a great genius, a friend we know. Do you like it?"

In speaking afterwards to me on the subject of this work, his praise was enthusiastic, and he added to his expressions of admiration for the author's genius his sorrow for the trouble and anxiety she had been lately called upon to bear.

—"Browning in Venice," by Katharine De Kay Bronson. *The Century Magazine*, February, 1902.

It may not be generally known that this volume is one of The Mosher Books, issued in The Bibelot Series in 1897, exquisitely printed in Italic type on Van Gelder handmade paper, of which a limited number still remain for sale.

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MR. BELMONT'S CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In the issue of your paper of January 16, there is an editorial which criticises the campaign methods of Mr. Perry Belmont who was recently defeated for Congress in the Seventh New York District. Your editorial does Mr. Belmont a great injustice and there can be no doubt that the writer depended upon misleading information and misstatements of facts when he wrote the article.

Mr. Belmont was a candidate for Congress at a special election. He certified to an expenditure of between \$14,000 and \$15,000. The greater part of this amount was for the legitimate expenses of several Democratic factions as he had no regular Democratic organization back of him, and he was compelled to pay all the expenses of the campaign. His opponent spent, personally, according to his statement, \$1,000. It is known, however, that he was the nominee of his party and that he received their support, both financially and from its regular voters. Indeed, while Mr. Belmont's opponent may not have spent personally as much money as Mr. Belmont spent, the party organization and the workers behind Mr. Belmont's opponent spent a much larger sum than was expended by Mr. Belmont.

The Seventh Congressional District was lost by Bryan in 1896 by 2,000. Shepard, the regular Democratic nominee for Mayor of Greater New York, carried the district last November by only a little over 1,100. At the same election Nicholas Muller, who resigned his seat in Congress, was defeated for President of the Borough of Richmond by the Republican nominee by 500 majority. The Borough of Richmond is in the Seventh Congressional District and is nominally Democratic by 1,500. Mr. Belmont was defeated for Congress by 389 votes and at a special election, which is not a holiday and when it is difficult to get out the Democratic vote.

Yours very truly,

John W. McDonald.

New York, Feb. 12, 1902.

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THE BALLAD OF THE COLORS.

A gentlemen of courtly air,  
Of old Virginia he;  
A damsel from New Jersey State,  
Of matchless beauty she;  
They met as fierce antagonists—  
The reason why, they say,  
Her eyes were of the Federal blue,  
And his, Confederate gray.

They entered on a fierce campaign,  
And when the fight began,  
It seemed as though the strategy  
Had no determinate plan.  
Each watched the other's movements well  
While standing there at bay—  
One struggling for the Federal blue,  
One for Confederate gray.

We all looked on with anxious eyes  
To see their forces move,  
And none could tell which combatant  
At last would victor prove.  
They marched and countermarched with skill,  
Avoiding well the fray;  
Here, lines were seen of Federal blue,  
And there, Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass,  
And sent her summons there  
That she should straight capitulate

Upon conditions fair.  
"As you march forth the flags may fly,  
The drums and bugles play;  
But yield those eyes of Federal blue  
To the Confederate gray."

"You are the foe," she answer sent,  
"To maidens such as I;  
I'll face you with a dauntless heart,  
And conquer you or die.  
A token of the sure result  
The vaulted skies display;  
For there above is Federal blue,  
Below, Confederate gray."

Sharp-shooting on each flank began,  
And 'mid manoeuvres free  
The rattle of the small-talk with  
Big guns of repartee,  
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes  
Amid the proud array,  
There met in arms the Federal blue  
And the Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight, at length  
They called a truce to rest;  
When lo! another force appeared  
Upon a mountain's crest.  
And as it came the mountain down  
Amid the trumpet's bray,  
Uncertain stood the Federal blue  
And the Confederate gray.

A corps of stout free-lances these  
Who poured upon the field,  
Field-Marshal Cupid in command,  
Who swore they both must yield;  
That both should conquer; both divide  
The honors of the day,  
And proudly with the Federal blue  
March the Confederate gray.

His troops were fresh and theirs were worn;  
What could they but agree  
That both should be the conquerors,  
And both should captives be?  
So they presented arms, because  
Dan Cupid held the sway,  
And joined in peace the Federal blue  
With the Confederate gray.

Twelve years have fled. I passed to-day  
The fort they built, and saw  
A sight to strike a bachelor  
With spirit-thrilling awe.  
Deployed a corps of infantry,  
But less for drill than play;  
And some had eyes of Federal blue,  
And some Confederate gray.

—Thomas Dunn English.

DANGEROUS PATRIOTISM.

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent all his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of crossing-tender at a small railroad station.

He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust meself to remember to wave the red flag whin there was a green wan handy!"—  
Youth's Companion.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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## MUSIC IN PROSPECT.

## CASTLE SQUARE OPERA.

In the roster of the Castle Square Opera, Company are more than sufficient names, each carrying assurance of the artistic merit contributed by its bearer, to justify the claim put forward by the management that the organization, as now constituted, is the foremost English-singing company of the world. The principals of each of the two organizations, hitherto enlisted under the Castle Square banner, have been coalesced into the present single organization. Among the established Castle Square favorites, whom we shall shortly hear, a warm reception awaits Misses Adelaide Norwood, Gertrude Rennyson and Josephine Ludwig, who have already established themselves as favorite soprano singers and Messrs. Joseph F. Sheehan, Miro Delamotta, Winfred Goff, J. Parker Coombs, Edwin A. Clark and Francis J. Boyle. There is small doubt that the public approval long ago won by these fine singers will be fully shared before the end of the present season by a notable group of newcomers including Misses Ethel Houston Du Fre and Marion Ivell, two promising young contraltos, Miss Maude Ramey, a clever young St. Louis singer, who has won promotion from the chorus ranks of the Castle Square organization by assiduous study and the conscientious cultivation of her really remarkable voice. Messrs. Francis Carrier and George Tennery add strength to the male contingent. Both these young men possess fine lyric and dramatic powers which have been carefully and judiciously cultivated in the best schools here and abroad. A feature of interesting improvement over former Castle Square seasons lies in the work of the augmented orchestra under the efficient and artistic direction of Chevalier N. B. Emanuel, a leader whose reputation is second to none in Europe and who, during his first season in America, has done much to place the performances of the Castle Square organization upon the high artistic plane where they now challenge comparison with those of the best endowed opera of Europe. Mr. Emanuel possesses to a remarkable extent the happy faculty of stimulating and inspiring not only the instrumentalists under his baton, but every singer in cast and chorus. A rehearsal on the Castle Square stage under the direction of Chevalier Emanuel and Mr. E. P. Temple is a most valuable tutelage in the art of singing and acting. Altogether the season of grand opera in English at popular prices, with which this city will shortly be favored, promises to be something of a revelation as to the possibilities of vocal art in English, and its opening is awaited with interest by all classes and conditions of music lovers.

## THOMAS' ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Thomas and his orchestra of seventy musicians will give two concerts in the Odeon on Friday and Saturday evenings, March 7 and 8. Two were given last November, and the last of the series will take place early in April. Appearances indicate that Mr. Thomas will be a regular visitor to St. Louis hereafter, and that the St. Louis public will have the benefit of the remarkable orchestral organization which he conducts, without being obliged to bear the burden of a guarantee fund which runs, in Chicago, far up into the thousands of dollars. If Mr. Thomas could give two con-

certs here each month during the regular season they would be gladly received by everyone who has the real musical interest of this city at heart. Possibly in the course of time such an arrangement may be made. The programme cannot be fully announced at this time, but among the selections will be Schumann's Symphony No. 3,—the one in E flat, opus 97, composed in 1850, containing some of the most fascinating music in all symphonic literature. Just now Richard Strauss is considered by many to be the greatest living composer, and by others little less than a musical lunatic. He is more discussed than any other, at any rate, and it is quite proper that his name should appear upon Mr. Thomas' programme. He will be represented by his tone poem, opus 20, entitled "Don Juan," composed in 1889, and played shortly afterwards for the first time in Weimar. The subject of this work is an extract from a poem of the same name by the famous Hungarian, Nikolaus Lenau, and the music is one of those remarkable strivings to express the inexpressible, for which Strauss is noted. An entire novelty will be a concert overture entitled "Cockaigne" or "In London Town" by Edgar William Elgar, an English composer who is rapidly gaining world-wide fame and admiration. Another novelty is a suite entitled "Ein Marchen," by Joseph Suk, a Bohemian and the son-in-law and pupil of that greatest of Bohemian masters, Antonin Dvorak. The suit is in four movements. The remainder of the programme will be announced later. Mr. Thomas will bring with him the entire Chicago orchestra and it is probable that there will be several solo numbers besides the numbers by the entire organization. If the St. Louis public continues to patronize these concerts as it did last season and also last November, future visits at regular intervals are assured.

## INNES' BAND.

Innes and his Band come to the Odeon for three concerts on March 1 and 2. Bandmaster Innes long ago discarded the brass band idea and he was not long in surrendering the military band notion, although he was the leading Life Guards trombonist in Great Britain. His advent in America was as the solo trombonist in the original Gilmore's Band. He made his way to the front by innovations, the latest of which is that he now plays his band as an orchestra in band form. To do this he has added a number of heavy stringed instruments and disposed the brasses and reeds in a way to produce the more mellow and sonorous tone-effects. His method is not strange in St. Louis, where he has had successful seasons at the Exposition by demonstrating that a brass band is not all brass, and a military band not all marches; but that both, with proper disposition, can be made to approach very nearly the modern orchestra. He is the only band leader who carries six great sololists, nearly all of whom do not play in the band. He has a famous soprano in Miss Francis Boyden, a wonderful operatic tenor in Sig. Edgardo Zerni, a really famous contralto in Signora Borghi and the most celebrated operatic baritone in the country in Signor Achille Alberti. Besides, there is Kryl, reputed to be a phenomenal solo cornetist. Innes plays to popular prices, to the common people, the supporters of popular enterprises so-called, on the theory that the more he can give them for their money, the more money will they give him.

The forthcoming programs at the Odeon, soon to be announced, will be shown to contain a great variety of compositions, but they will excel in operatic selections, for the impressive performance of which Innes always makes the amplest solo and concerted arrangements.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The Germania Stock Company presented "Die Schoene," Sunday evening, to a large and appreciative audience. Wednesday evening Miss Louise Pellmann, the ingenue of the company, was tendered a benefit. Her role in Blumenthal and Kadelburg's comedy, "Das Zweite Gesicht," is one of her most delightful impersonations. Wednesday, February 26th, Mr. Johannes Poulsson will be given a benefit. "Trilby," for the first time in German, will be the attraction. Sunday, March 2nd, the comedy farce, "Der Postillon Von Muencheberg," will be the offering; Mr. Heinemann and Miss Bergere essaying the leading roles.

John Drew, in his new play, "The Second In Command," will be the attraction at the Olympic Theater, beginning Monday evening, February 24th. Major Kit Bingham, the leading role, is essayed by Mr. Drew; Miss Ida Conquest plays the part of Muriel Mannering. Guy Standing, Oswald Yorke, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Baker, H. Hassard Short, Ida Vernon and Louise Drew are among other well known performers in the company.

Sunday evening, February 23rd, Stuart Robson will appear at the Century, in an elaborate revival of "The Henrietta." Among other well known artists in the cast are Maclyn Arbuckle, Mary Kealty, Laura Thompson, the three, St. Louisians; Eleanor Barry, Estelle Carter, Joseph P. Keefe, Clifford Leigh, Charles Lane, Roy Atwell and Charles R. Gilbert.

For genuine healthy, exhilarating exercise and enjoyment, go to the Ice Palace on Cook and Channing avenues. The ice is always smooth, the music always the best, the attendants ever courteous.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

## WHY THEY WERE CHEAP.

President McKinley used to tell with a good deal of amusement a story which related to his early days in the law. On the way to and from his office he was accustomed to pass a butcher's shop, and for a long time was puzzled by a certain notice which he saw there.

In the morning he would read, "Good pork sausages 20 cents." On his return in the evening he would sometimes find those sausages still 20 cents a pound, but more often the notice was changed and the sign read: "Fine pork sausages 12"—or sometimes 10—"cents."

The matter, he said, used to worry him. Sausages were not of so perishable a nature that they would not keep till the next day, and he could not understand it. So one evening he stopped at the shop, made some casual remark, and then inquired the price of sausages.

"Ten cents," said the shopkeeper.

"But," replied Mr. McKinley, "they were 20 cents this morning."

"So they were, Mr. McKinley," replied the butcher. "So they were. Then I had 'em, now I haven't. Sausages at 10 cents is simply to get me a reputation for cheapness. See?"

The future President saw, and was in the habit of saying that a great many reputations were made in that way.—Youth's Companion.



## It's No Accident.

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PROPOSALS THEN AND NOW.

Somebody had wondered about whether the change in young women and in their attitude toward men had revolutionized proposals.

"Do men propose at all, nowadays?" asked the elderly woman who had invited four girls and a young bride to lunch with her.

"They do," chorused three girls. The prettiest one felt that she need not testify.

"How could that young thing have married if no misguided man had proposed?" she inquired, waving her hand toward the young married woman.

The bride laughed.

"It's quite simple, dear. I believe I did the proposing myself," she said.

The girls were surprised. The elderly woman wasn't. She is ready to believe anything of this generation.

"You see," the bride continued, "Jack and I were both busy. He was running the Sunday paper and I was editing an idiotic women's page in a magazine. We didn't see each other very often, except at dinner time; but I used to go out to dinner with him two or three times a week."

The elderly woman's eyebrows expressed her opinion, but being a hostess she controlled her emotions, and the bride seemed shamelessly oblivious of chaperon traditions.

"One evening we were dining together," she said, after a little reminiscent pause. "He was reading the Saturday supplements and I was looking over a dummy of the magazine. I glanced across the table. Jack was good-looking; I wasn't unattractive. He was buried in his work; I was buried in mine. The situation seemed all wrong; I resented it."

"We might as well be married," I said crossly.

"Jack looked over the top of his paper."

"I've thought that for five months," he said.

"He came up to the office and brought me my ring the next day."

The girls sighed.

"It wasn't so very romantic," said the pretty one.

The elderly woman frowned.

"It is the sort of thing one expects in these days," said she.

The bride smiled.

"It satisfied Jack and me," she said.

She has a fashion of saying Jack that makes the name sound musical.

"But men do propose," urged one of the girls.

The pretty girl nodded.

"They do," she agreed. Then she settled down to giving expert testimony.

"I've studied the thing a good deal," she said.

"You've had exceptional advantages," suggested the bride.

"Of course, I don't know just how men used to propose; but I'm afraid it is a lost art—that is, in its highest artistic form. Why, it was a regular function in the old days. Now we crowd it in during a two-step with nine hundred people looking on or we get through with it while we are waiting for a couple ahead to leave the putting-green."

"Even if we do have plenty of time and an appropriate stage setting for the ceremony, we don't manage it with any artistic skill. There isn't any trembling supplication or trembling yielding."

"You see, a man and a girl know each other so well nowadays before they get to the proposing point that the result of a pro-

posal is a foregone conclusion. When our grandmothers were courted they posed as mysteries.

"The suitors didn't golf with them all morning and sail with them all afternoon and dance or sit on the veranda with them all evening, didn't know exactly what the girls thought on every conceivable subject, couldn't figure them out like a mathematical equation."

"My grandfather wasn't cocksure when he proposed to grandmother that she'd say yes. The uncertainty led to noble effort. It must have made things much more interesting."

"They say girls were more sentimental then than they are now. I suppose that's true, but they were sentimental in the abstract."

"They were taught to conceal their real feelings in any particular instance at any cost. A girl may do that to-day, but if she does, it isn't on general principles. It's because she can have more fun that way."

"My uncle says women used to be born coquettes, but now they are educated flirts. If a girl doesn't flirt now, she shows a man frankly just what she thinks of him, up to a certain point."

"Given that much information, it is easy to speculate on futurities. A man isn't taking any chances in proposing."

"Occasionally one will risk what he sees to be a forlorn hope, but the average modern man feels very sure he will be accepted before he thinks of proposing."

"Then you think the percentage of rejected lovers is going down?" asked the bride.

The pretty girl laughed.

"I do all I can to keep it up to standard, but I'm sure it is falling."

"And the men, feeling sure of the result, propose in an offhand manner?"

"Exactly. I never had a really artistic, impassioned proposal in my life. Our men are so deadly afraid of making themselves ridiculous. Nine out of ten of them would rather appear wicked than absurd, and they seem to have the idea that any display of sentiment or strong feeling makes them look absurd."

"They may be sentimental when they don't mean anything, or sentimental after they are engaged and absolutely sure the girls adore them, but no matter how sure of a girl the modern man feels, he isn't going to take even the remotest chance of being laughed at."

"He is too horribly self-conscious to propose with a flourish as his grandfather did. I hope it is a sign of modesty, but I suppose it is only egotism."

"Jack says," began the bride. She usually begins that way. Probably the old editorial instinct crops out and Jack's remarks are the only copy she has to work with. "Jack says that it is hard for a man to make up his mind to marry to-day."

"In the first place, he is so abominably comfortable as a bachelor. He doesn't need a home as much as his grandfather did. He is free, has every material comfort and little responsibility."

"He must be tremendously in love to marry for love. Even when he is in love he hesitates, and holds back and wonders and questions."

"He has a good thing and he knows it. Matrimony is a lottery even when one marries for love."

"So he puts off the fatal step and fools around. If the girl is fond of him, there's practically an understanding long before he

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has come around to a definite question.

"Everybody takes the engagement for granted, even the contracting parties begin to take it for granted. The thing drifts along and at last, after everything is settled, the man asks the girl to marry him."

"It's a mere matter of form. Formal proposals went out with knee breeches and powder."

The pretty girl sighed.

"I suppose it is all right," she said. "I wouldn't know what to do with a Jane Austen proposal, but—but the game isn't as pretty under modern rules as it was when sentiment was in fashion.—N. Y. Sun."

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BOLTS SPIRITUALISM.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer and writer, who has been for years the star convert to Spiritualism, has abandoned the faith and now comes out with his friend, Jules Bois, also a staunch believer, until recently, in a denunciation of the cult as nothing more than a juggle.

Flammarion's connection with the mystic brotherhood has been the spiritualists' answer to the arraignments of scientists. The astronomer's standing was a guarantee of the honesty of the professors of spiritualism, while his skill as an observer and investigator was deemed a vindication of the genuineness of spirit manifestations.

He was an enthusiast and, both verbally and in print, defended the order. He was even convinced that he was a medium of great power and acted as medium to Allan Kardec, the high priest of Spiritualism in Paris.

The awakening of Flammarion from his psychic dream is attributed to Cazaneuve, the prestidigitator, his intimate friend, with whom he carried on a long debate as to the verity of the materializations and communications that so impressed the astronomer.

Finally Cazaneuve offered to reproduce

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every phenomenon of the Spiritualists before the scientist. The challenge was accepted. Flammarion, with the assistance of his spiritualistic associates, prepared a programme embracing the most astounding of the manifestations of the disembodied with which they had been in communication. Cazaneuve had studied these matters and had his apparatus ready. In the presence of Flammarion and others, it is said, he first performed all the suggested miracles.

The spiritualists charged him with being a medium and employing occult means to get his results. His answer was to expose the mechanism he employed and, by repeating the tricks in the open, to demonstrate that only natural means had been employed in the performance of the prodigies.

He capped this by offering a reward of 10,000 francs for a bona fide materialization, which reward was unclaimed.

"Now," said Cazaneuve, "I hope my friend Flammarion will not again make a fool of himself."

Flammarion's recantation is complete. He and Bois express through *Le Motin* their conviction that the marvels that impressed them for years were deceptions and that skillful jugglers can duplicate them all.—*New York Journal*.

\*\*\*

"It costs more to get divorced than to be married." "Naturally. It's worth more."



## TRAPPED.

The house was doomed, for, situated as it was, in a somewhat sleepy and straggling suburb, the fire brigade had received tardy warning of the outbreak. In spite of the lateness of the hour—it was near to midnight—the firemen found the inevitable crowd, drawn together by the dull red glow in the sky which every New Yorker learns to read so well, already assembled.

The spectators, many of whom, to judge from their attire, had but recently scrambled out of bed, had, with the courage of numbers, boldly invaded the private grounds surrounding the burning building and successfully defied the fitful efforts of the few police present to dislodge them. In the center of an open space on the lawn stood a gentleman in evening dress talking to the young inspector of police, and close by, seated on a garden chair, was a lady wearing a costly opera cloak. They were the owners of the mansion and had just returned from the theater. An incessant hum of conjecture and interrogation mingled with the noise of the conflagration.

So rapidly had the fire spread that by the time the engine appeared the reddish-yellow tongues of flame were thrusting out from every window, and any hope of saving the building was vain. Nevertheless, some of the contents might be salvaged and the firemen set to work instantly.

"Anyone in there?" inquired the chief of the inspector.

"No," replied the latter.

The statement had no sooner left his lips than a shout from the crowd denied it.

"A man! A man on the roof!"

The inspector looked up and saw, clearly outlined against the red glare, the form of a man creeping along the parapet which hedged the sloping roof. His progress was slow, for the parapet was narrow and the flames from the upper windows were already darting above it. He was making for a corner of the roof still comparatively free from the fire.

"He's done for, anyhow," muttered the inspector. "The escape won't nearly reach him, even if he gets there."

The crowd was quieter now, betraying its excitement only by hushed repetitions of the same questions. Who was he? How did he get up there? How would he get down? Even the owner of the house could supply no clue to the man's identity and the inspector was fain to form a theory of his own. The man had covered the most perilous part of his journey and paused a moment, as though exhausted. Suddenly, clearly above the roaring of the flames, rang out a sound which struck the faintest murmurs from the lips of the onlookers. It was the cry of a child and it came from the midst of the burning mass. The woman seated on the lawn sprang to her feet.

"My baby!" she shrieked, and fell headlong.

Again the wail made itself heard, and the crowd thrilled with horror. So the child was not safe with the nurse, as the other servants had asserted. The men looked at one another in helpless dismay; they knew they could do nothing, yet they felt a sense of shame. The women wept. For a moment the man on the roof was forgotten, and then it was noticed that he was cautiously retracing his steps.

"He's goin' back fer the kid. Give him a cheer, boys," shouted some one and the cheer was given.

The unknown heard it, waved his arm in reply and vanished. Then followed a period

of dread suspense. It seemed scarcely possible that the courageous attempt could succeed. The spectators were too excited to even whisper; all eyes were fixed on the spot where the man had disappeared. The moments seemed hours, but at length a single voice cried:

"There he is!"

This was followed by a ringing cheer when a burst of flame revealed the fact that the daring rescuer had a bundle in his arms. Steadying himself for a moment, he recommenced the now doubly perilous task of creeping along the parapet, and a hush fell on the breathless watchers below. They spoke only in hurried whispers, as if fearful that a loud word might reach him and cause a catastrophe. From time to time the dense volumes of smoke, slashed with vivid tongues of fire, hid him from view, but he reappeared.

"He'll do it now," said one. "Gosh, ain't he got a nerve!"

In fact, the man's very deliberation was painful to watch, but at last he reached the one corner of the building not entirely in the grip of the fire, though it was bursting out from the windows beneath his feet.

"What will he do now?"

The question was on the lips or in the minds of all, for the top of the escape was a good twelve feet below the parapet. The man did not hesitate. Placing the bundle on the roof, he hurriedly unwound something from his waist. Then he stooped and seemed to be making one end of it fast. The other end fell down almost to the top of the fire-escape. It appeared to be a miniature ladder formed of rope, and terribly frail it looked to those below. The unknown straddled the parapet and stood on the ladder a moment, as though testing the fastening. Then he leaned forward, and catching up the bundle in his left arm, began to descend, clinging to the ladder with his free hand.

So long as the foothold lasted the man's task was apparently not too difficult, but soon he had to descend hanging only by his right arm, sliding his hand from rung to rung down the side of the ladder. These few moments were agonizing. The most callous in the crowd shivered at the sight of a fellow-creature dangling like a spider on a thread in the midst of flames which darted and curled about him like great serpents. When at length he reached the end his feet were directly above the mouth of the escape, and a score of friendly voices shouted to him to let go. A moment later the child, uninjured, was in its mother's arms.

The rescuer, a rough-looking man of middle age, lay senseless on the lawn. The inspector knelt beside him and wiped the smoke-blackened features with a wet cloth. Presently the man opened his eyes and staggered weakly to his feet. The inspector placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Richard Slagg," he said, "I arrest you for burglary."

The accused looked at the ring of faces as though measuring his chances. Then he shook his head slightly in reply to his own thought.

"All right. It's a fair catch," he said quietly, and held out his wrists.—From *The New Yorker*.



OUTCOME OF THE FARMER'S SUIT.—First Farmer: "Has that lawsuit between you and Haicede been settled yet?" Second Farmer: "Yes, and so are the lawyers." First Farmer: "How do you mean?" Second Farmer: "They're settled on our farms."—Philadelphia Press.



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## BEAUTY BATHS.

It seems to be a natural instinct for human beings to bathe, whether they do so for the cleanliness or in order to counteract fatigue. The use of the bath dates back to the most ancient days, and is peculiar to all nations.

All the ancient religions prescribe baths. In fact, baths seem to be a foundation of many of their rites and ceremonies. Furthermore, in ancient days, they were more magnificent, more luxurious and even as plentiful as they are to-day.

As far as cleanliness is concerned, Americans know how to take care of themselves.

Before considering the question of baths to beautify the skin, baths to keep the flesh firm are important.

Strengthening baths contribute largely to the beauty of the body. When they are properly taken they strengthen the muscles and the tissues, impart vitality to an anaemic or tired body, and make the task of the seeker after beauty infinitely easier.

It is not only necessary for a beautiful woman to have white flesh, rose-tinted and pearly, it is also necessary that it should be firm and solid. Let me say, right here, that this solidity is indispensable to perfect beauty of face or figure.

So much am I a believer in baths that strengthen, that I give here some recipes that all the world may use with perfect confidence. I give a number, so that my readers may have a choice:

1. Pour into the water for your bath the following mixture:

Strong vinegar.....200 grams  
Tincture of benzoin.....200 grams  
Tincture of red roses.....200 grams

2. To a bathtub half full of water use the following:

Sulphate of potash.....50 grams  
Sub-carbonate of soda.....100 grams  
Gelatin.....40 grams

3. Pour into the bath:

Liquid ammonia.....200 grams  
Tincture of camphor.....200 grams  
Kitchen salt.....3 kilograms

4. Use the following ingredients for one bath:

Iodide of iron.....60 grams  
Dissolve this in 500 grams of water.

5. Pour into the bath:

Carbonate of soda.....100 grams  
Sea salt.....20 grams  
Sulphate of soda.....60 grams  
Gelatin.....100 grams

I distinguish as cosmetic baths those baths which make the skin lustrous, which add to its transparent and velvety appearance, which make it soft and delightful to the touch.

Cosmetic baths, which were once widely used, have unfortunately been neglected by our beauties of modern days. Even women of fortune and leisure do not, as a rule, indulge in the luxury of these baths. Yet Cleopatra, Poppæa and Ninon de L'Enclos attributed a great part of the preservation of their fatal beauty to them.

In America such baths seem to be scarcely used and even scarcely known. I observe every day with regret that the American woman replaces these aromatic, soothing baths with salt baths. Now, there is no doubt that salt baths are very wholesome, but how bad they are for the beauty of the skin.

As I am considering the question of beauty, let me counsel my fair readers to select from the recipes that I give here for aromatic baths one that may suit them. Try

it. I am sure the trial will be pleasant and comfortable. It will also enhance beauty.

Here is one, for instance, that is most excellent for softening the skin. It is so simple that anyone may try it:

1. Starch 500 grams.

Dilute this in two quarts of water and pour it slowly into the bath, mixing it in thoroughly by agitating the water.

2. Bran—1 kilogram.

Let this boil ten minutes in six quarts of water. Strain it, and mix it in with the bath. This mixture is most softening for the skin.

3. Here is what I would call a real aromatic bath, a bath of luxury:

Aromatic spices.....200 grams  
Laurel berries.....50 grams  
Juniper berries.....50 grams  
Water.....3 quarts

Let this boil for a quarter of an hour, strain it and add:

Ammoniac salt.....50 grams  
Spirits of Juniper.....500 grams

Pour this into the bath, and you will rejoice in the effect. At once soothing and softening to the skin.

4. Here is another bath which acts as a tonic and is at the same time aromatic:

Thyme.....200 grams  
Rosemary.....300 grams  
Lavender.....250 grams  
Marjoram.....200 grams  
Cloves.....10 cloves  
Nutmegs.....5 nuts

Let these spices boil for half an hour in three kilograms of water. Then remove from the fire and pour into the bath.

5. Here is an exquisite bath of perfumed gelatine:

Aromatic gelatine.....500 grams  
Kitchen salt.....250 grams  
Dissolved white soap.....500 grams

Melt them in eight quarts of boiling water and then mix in with the bath.

6. The following is another perfumed mixture to be thrown into the bath:

Rosewater.....1,500 grams  
Tincture of benzoin.....50 grams  
Essence of thyme.....30 grams  
Cologne water.....500 grams

7. Finally let me show you the trouble that Ninon de L'Enclos took for her bath, which she wisely called a Bath of Beauty:

In one quart of water dissolve:

Kitchen salt.....250 grams  
Carbonate of soda.....100 grams

Throw this into the bath, agitating the water to mix it thoroughly. Then pour into the same water one kilogram of honey dissolved in three quarts of milk. Mix this in thoroughly.

This makes a most excellent bath. It is cleansing, revivifying and beautifying. Those who believe in the charms of Ninon de L'Enclos will do well to try it.

There is a bath much used in France which I wish especially to recommend. It is not only strengthening, but it is also exquisitely perfumed and it has a most salient effect upon the tissues. Here it is:

Bromide of potash.....1 gram  
Carbonate of lime.....1 gram  
Carbonate of soda.....300 grams  
Phosphate of soda.....8 grams  
Sulphate of soda.....5 grams  
Sulphate of alumina.....1 gram  
Sulphate of iron.....3 grams  
Spirits of lavender.....1 gram  
Spirits of thyme.....1 gram  
Spirits of rosemary.....1 gram

Mix these in thoroughly with the bath.

If you wish to refresh the skin and impregnate it with a slight odor of roses, dilute sixty grams of glycerine and one hundred

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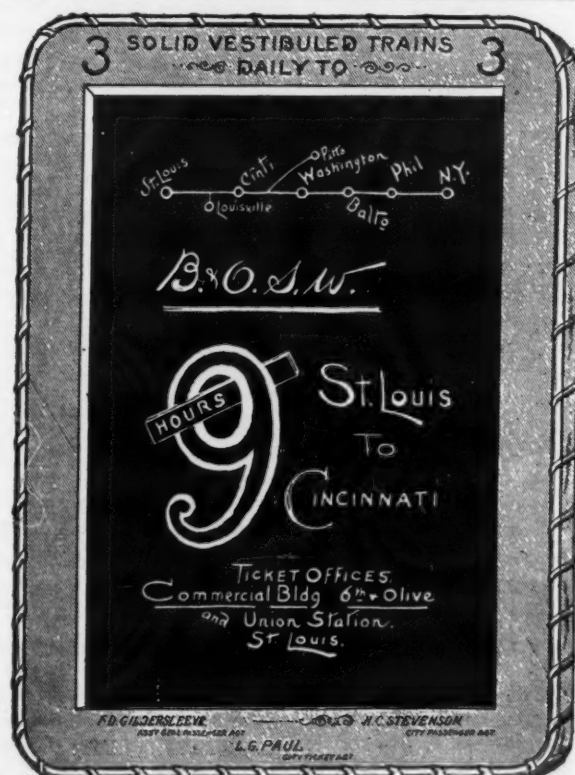
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grams of rose water with three quarts of plain water and then pour it into your bath.

#### THE LINDEN BATH.

The linden bath is very soothing. I recommend it highly to people who are nervous, also to lyric artists and actresses after an evening's work.

To prepare this bath steep one kilogram of linden for one hour in ten quarts of boiling water, then pour it into the bath.

The daily bath is not to be recommended to everyone; in fact, it is harmful to certain people and enfeebling.

The body should be kept clean. That is indispensable to a good skin, but this may be accomplished by washing. After each bath or even washing, the whole body, with the exception of the face and neck, should be rubbed with alcohol. If the skin is not

too sensitive use a crash glove. If the skin is very sensitive dilute the alcohol and rub with flannel or cloth.

A good lotion for this is cologne water or spirits of camphor.

A bath should never be taken too hot. It enfeebles the nervous system and softens the tissues.

As for the cold bath, I believe its services have been overrated. Sometimes it acts otherwise than as a tonic. However, to those who indulge in it I recommend a good rubbing immediately after.

"Young man," said the stern physician, "do you know where the evil effects of tobacco are first felt?" "Yep; in de woodshed," responded the depraved youngster.—*Philadelphia Record.*



## MORE OF STEVENSON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Like the rest of the public, I have read a recent estimate of the late Robert Louis Stevenson with regret. It is not my business to advocate the cause of a friend when he is blamed with reference to such relations as never existed between him and me, and in regard to circumstances of which I have no knowledge. We never, as it were, lay in each others bosoms. We never heard the chimes at midnight together, nor were comrades of "The Wild Prince and Pains." We never conferred benefits on each other, unless little presents or books or curiosities are benefits. We never quarreled and I daresay that was partly because we were never sufficiently intimate. Quarrels, when not caused by rivalry or by misunderstandings in business or about money, appear to rise out of too great intimacy. Liberties are taken, and at last are resented. The Roman was not so far wrong when he said: "Behave to your friend as if he might become an enemy, and to your enemy as if he might become a friend." The Roman has been blamed, but the latter part of his aphorism is worthy of a Christian and a gentleman. It inculcates self-respect and avoidance of all that can make enmity inveterate. The former part of his advice sounds ungenerous, but Burns also advises self-repression. "Aye keep something to yourself," he says. It is canny, but it is correct, though the counsel is despised by the young.

Without defending, then, the character of a friend whom even now I almost daily miss, as that character was displayed in circumstances unknown to me, I think that I ought to speak of him as I found him. Perhaps our sympathy was mainly intellectual. Constantly do those who knew him desire to turn to him, to communicate with him, to share with him the pleasure of some idea, some little discovery about men or things in which he would have taken pleasure, increasing our own by the gayety of his enjoyment; the brilliance of his appreciation. We may say, as Scott said at the grave of John Ballantyne, that he has taken with him half the sunlight out of our lives. That he was sympathetic and interested in the work of others (which, I understand, has been denied) I have reason to know. His work and mine lay far apart; mine, I think, we never discussed—I did not expect it to interest him. But in a fragmentary manuscript of his, after his death, I found the unlooked for and touching evidence of his kindness. Again, he once wrote to me from Samoa about the work of a friend of mine whom he had never met. His remarks were ideally judicious, a model of serviceable criticism. I found him chivalrous as an honest boy; brave, with an idiomitable gayety of courage; on the point of honor a Sidney or a Bayard (so he seemed to me); that he was open-handed I have reason to believe; he took life "with a frolic welcome." That he was self-conscious, and saw himself, as it were, from without; that he was fond of attitude (like his own brave admirals), he himself knew well, and I doubt not that he would laugh at himself and his habit of "playing at" things after the fashion of childhood. Genius is the survival into maturity of the inspiration of childhood, and Stevenson is not the only genius who has retained from childhood something more than its inspiration. Other examples readily occur to the memory—in one way Byron, in another Tennyson.

None of us is perfect; I do not want to

erect an immaculate clay-cold image of a man, in marble or in sugar candy. But I will say that I do not remember ever to have heard Mr. Stevenson utter a word against any mortal, friend or foe. Even in a case where he had, or believed himself to have, received some wrong, his comment was merely humorous. Especially when very young, his dislike of respectability and of the bourgeois (a literary tradition) led him to show a kind of contempt for virtues which, though certainly respectable, are no less certainly virtuous. He was then more or less seduced by the Bohemian legend, but he was intolerant of the fudge about the rights and privileges of genius. A man's first business, he thought, was to "keep his end up" by his work. If what he reckoned his inspired work would not serve, then by something else. Of many virtues he was an example and an inspiring force. One foible I admit: the tendency to inopportune benevolence. Graham Balfour says that if he fell into ill terms with a man he would try to do him good by stealth. Though he had seen much of the world and of men, this practice showed an invincible ignorance of mankind. It is improbable, on the doctrine of chances, that he was always in the wrong; and it is probable, as he was human, that he always thought himself in the right. But as the other party to the misunderstanding, being also human, would necessarily think himself in the right, such secret benefits would be, as Sophocles says, "the gifts of foemen are unprofitable." The secret would leak out, the benefits would be rejected, the misunderstandings would be embittered.

This reminds me of an anecdote which is not given in Graham Balfour's biography. As a little, delicate, lonely boy in Edinburgh, Mr. Stevenson read a book called "Ministering Children." I have a faint recollection of this work concerning a small Lord and Lady Bountiful. Children, we know, like to "play at" the events and characters they have read about, and the boy wanted to play at being a ministering child. He "scanned his whole horizon" for somebody to play with, and thought he had found his playmate. From the window he observed street boys (in Scots "keelies") enjoying themselves. But one child was out of the sports, a little lame fellow, the son of a baker. Here was a chance! After some misgivings Louis hardened his heart, put on his cap, walked out—a refined little figure—approached the object of his sympathy and said, "Will you let me play with you?" "Go to hell!" said the democratic offspring of the baker. This lesson against doing good by stealth to persons of unknown or hostile disposition was, it seems, thrown away. Such endeavors are apt to be misconstrued.

A notable instance in other times is that of Byron and Leigh Hunt. Byron "did good to" Leigh Hunt in a way—in what I venture to think was an intolerable way. Consequently we have Leigh Hunt's book on Byron, which few people have read. It is worse in places than can be shown within the limits of permissible quotation. All this deplorable matter arose out of ignorance of the world. The two men placed themselves in an impossible situation of intimacy, and Leigh Hunt, unable to keep his own counsel, inflicted an irreparable wound on his own fame. People speak, and not unnaturally, as if the genus irritable, men who write, were sinners in this respect above all other men. The history of literary quarrels fills volumes. We have Hume and Rousseau. Hume had honestly done his best for Rous-

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seau, whom the fat, friendly Scot did not in the least understand. The results were inauspicious, and Hume had a great deal of trouble which he was quite unable to bear. But Rousseau at the time was nearly mad, a mere mass of self-consciousness, sensitiveness and hallucinations. He spurned and snapped like a sick beast at the hands that helped him. Then we have Voltaire, who, I verily believe, quarreled for the fun of the thing. These quarrels were not too serious, and I doubt if they carried much real enmity. They were to Voltaire "gentle and joyous passages of arms." In Voltaire's later letters to Frederick the Great, after the rupture, one seems to see two tiger cats more than half in play. They stretch out paws usually muffled, but each knows that the claws are there, and are sharp. The animals are aware of each other's gifts, which they rather respect and admire, though each knows where the other's weak place lies and gives it a scratch now and then. Pope's animosities were much more heartfelt and ferocious, but he was so little, and so weak, and so ailing that "scorn is allowed as a part of his defect." The Elizabethans fought with pens as with sword and dagger; it was all in the day's work and the day's pleasure. Like Captain Shandon (I think it was Shandon), they found it "such easy writing."

It is easy writing—that is the curse of it—and that is why penmen have an ill name for quarrelers, and for saying things that most people leave, if not unspoken, at least unwritten. The spoken word flies away; comparatively, few hear of it, and we can always believe, mostly, with justice, that it has been misreported. But, as the Latin grammar says, "*Littera scripta manet*." We know about the squabbles of Theocritus and Apollonius Rhodius; Bavius and Maevius are eternally pilloried; so are the enemies of Catullus and the Dunces of Pope. That, then, is the cause of the ill repute of men of letters. Other men are full of all ill qualities—soldiers, actors, doctors, painters, musicians; men of business are of like naughty passions with ourselves. But as a rule they only say things. The pen is not eternally in their hands, with its temptations and opportunities—the easiness of the writing—and with the permanence of its malice. We do not know how the poets before Homer quarreled, the poets that "never saw pen and ink." But Homer, or somebody else, had a quarrel with Margites and there the proof of it stands, though without Margites' reply. Thus the writing man, though no worse than his neighbors, has far greater temptations, and if he falls his undignified attitude "is fixed and frozen to permanence." The moral for the young author is not to be too intimate, not to play the ministering child out of season, not to do anything with the angry essay or chapter, but "commit it to Vulcan."—*London Morning Post*.

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

HER POINT OF VIEW—Mrs. Hiram Offen: "How long were you in your last place?" Applicant: "Oi was there just a month, ma'am." Mrs. Hiram Offen: "What was the trouble?" Applicant: "The trouble was, ma'am, that I was took sick, an' Oi couldn't get away annysooner."—*Philadelphia Press*.

## IN PRAISE OF PING-PONG.

Who cares to play at cricket?  
Who cares to kick a ball?  
To suffer hacks at hockey  
Or chance a nasty fall?  
Far better don your slippers,  
Enjoy your cigarette,  
Play Ping-Pong in the Parlor  
Across a little net.

In cycling there are tumbles,  
And puncturable tires;  
And if you hunt, perhaps you come  
A cropper on the wires.  
In rowing there are blisters  
That possibly may chafe,  
But Ping-Pong in the Parlor  
Is absolutely safe.

The river has its dangers,  
The pic-nic has its snares,  
The motor-car may run away  
Or butt you unawares.  
It is a consolation  
No parent will deny  
That Ping-Pong in the Parlor  
Would never hurt a fly.

Our prowess in athletics  
May pass to other lands,  
And later generations see  
Our cups in foreign hands;  
Yet still the might of England  
Shall everywhere be known—  
At Ping-Pong in the Parlor  
Our sons shall hold their own.

Then twirl your tiny racquets,  
And pat your celluloid;  
Be careful that your quick returns  
The coffee cups avoid.  
Flick hard, ye men of sinew,  
And pirouette in style!  
The ladies in the parlor  
Are watching all the while!



## THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

Public assemblies in New York and Washington are discovering that Milton E. Ailes, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has graceful abilities as an after-dinner speaker.

Recently, at a Knights Templar gathering, he was the first called upon at the conclusion of the banquet. He had been notified that he would be asked to make a few remarks, but, not wishing to deliver a set speech, he had asked to be placed toward the bottom of the list and had understood that that was to be the arrangement. He had therefore relied on the speakers that were to precede him to furnish him material for impromptu comment.

Though somewhat disconcerted by the unexpected summons of the chairman, Mr. Ailes rose to the occasion.

"There is some mistake," said he "in my being called upon at this stage of the proceedings, and the incident reminds me of an epitaph which enjoys local fame in my native village in Ohio. At the death of an eccentric citizen it was learned that he had himself written out and intrusted to a marble cutter the legend that was to be graven on his tombstone.

"When the lettering was completed the villagers all went out to view the epitaph, and this is how it read:

"'I expected this, but not so soon.'"  
—*Philadelphia Post*.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

## Press Opinions

About

## The Imitator.



As to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal*.

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a biting clever one. And against the background of manikins, dudes, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American*.

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News*.

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SAINT LOUIS MO.



## THE STOCK MARKET.

While there has been a little set-back in the past week, owing to a few untoward factors that cropped out rather unexpectedly, professional manipulation is still on the bull side of Wall street's market. The bear element is exceedingly cautious at this particular juncture. It is realized that prices are high, in fact, too high for many stocks on the list, but this is offset, as previously pointed out in these columns, by the knowledge that syndicates are in control and anxious to unload. To sell stocks that are not well distributed is a dangerous proceeding, under normal conditions. The cliques keep a vigilant eye on the short seller these days. A distended short interest would be welcomed, as it would form the basis for a sharp rise, and give overloaded syndicates an opportunity to let go at least a portion of their holdings.

The bearish factors above referred to were: The announcement that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company directors intend to ask for authority to issue \$150,000,000 bonds; the ruling of the Internal Revenue Commissioner that the war tax must be paid on hypothecated stocks; a sharp drop in the price of Amalgamated Copper, and another discouraging bank statement. So far as the war-tax business is concerned, it is now believed that it will not amount to much, because all war taxes are intended to be abolished by Congress. Stock exchange authorities are, it is said, in consultation with the Commissioner, and the result will probably be that compliance with the new rule will be postponed.

The gyrations in Copper were quite interesting. The stock dropped with remarkable ease, the total depreciation amounting to over 11 points. The lowest level touched last Friday was  $67\frac{3}{4}$ ; there has been a rally since to  $71\frac{3}{8}$ , but there is still considerable misgiving about the ultimate outcome. In some quarters it is asserted that the decline was manipulative, that is, for the purpose of accumulating stock and affecting the rest of the list. Amalgamated is likely to see some lively days in the near future, as the dividend period is again approaching. Rumors are also current that a truce has been patched up with Heinze in Montana, and that everything will hereafter be lovely. There are some people who cling to the belief that the Rockefellers are largely interested in Amalgamated, and that they will soon make it "warm" for their antagonists. Such a belief is, perhaps, entirely unwarranted. The Rockefellers would have managed the Copper Trust differently and more successfully. Strong evidence is at hand to prove that their name was simply used as a bait to inveigle the foolish and unwary into buying the stock. If the Rockefellers did anything at all in Amalgamated, the best supposition is that they sold the stock short in big blocks last summer, at around 125 and 130, and that they bought at the bottom, two months ago, when the price had receded to  $60\frac{1}{2}$ . If they bought control, they bought at bargain figures, not at the top. That much is a certainty.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit announcement was a staggerer. It depressed the stock to almost 60, the lowest for a long time past. To authorize an issue of \$150,000,000 is certainly something worth talking about. It is intimated that a large part of the issue will be used for refunding purposes, but what is to be done with the rest of about \$80,000,000 remains a mystery. The company is going the pace that kills.

Judging by its latest reports of earnings and financial condition generally, the stock is a good many points too high at 60. It is only manipulation that keeps the price at the present level. In this connection, it may be stated that there are rumors in Wall street that a big bull pool has been formed for the purpose of rigging the price of the shares and raising it to 90.

Last Saturday's bank statement cut the surplus reserves down to a little over \$13,000,000, while loans revealed another good-sized increase. Cash holdings also showed a loss. The statement did not have much effect on prices, however, as it seemed to have been discounted. Money is still cheap and quoted on call at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 per cent. Gold exports have ceased, for the time being, and it is not expected that they will be resumed in the next two weeks. The constant loan expansion is puzzling traders a good deal, but nobody seems to have an explanation that explains satisfactorily.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company is going to have a Security Company of its own. This kind of business is getting quite popular. What the management proposes to do is not exactly clear, but there has been quite a sharp rise in the stock, after an equally sharp break, and some more rights are being quoted on the "curb." The outcome of all this financial juggling will be awaited with interest and also a great deal of anxiety. The financial position of the Metropolitan is none too strong; its fixed charges are heavy, and its earnings not growing as rapidly as could be desired.

Sugar certificates continue to be controlled by "tips" from Washington. The Cuban reduction bill is the power behind the bull throne. The stock moves up and down to the tune: "Now we pass it, now we don't." Such a "lead-pipe cinch" cannot be found every day in the halls of Congress. Washington brokers are doing a land-office business these balmy spring days.

There is something doing in London. Britishers are getting quite gay. The old Barney Barnato days seem to be returning. Kaffirs are absorbing the attention in London, Paris and Berlin. Millions of these shares are changing hands at rapidly rising prices. Some of them are already selling above the ante-bellum level. Conservative people are growing uneasy about the excitement and wild gamble, but their warnings are drowned in the general din and confusion. It is said that Americans are also speculating in Kaffirs. There is an impression that the Kaffir boom will deprive American stocks of part of their former support. However, one need not worry about this. Morgan and his friends will take care that the British end of the American market will be kept up until the signal for letting go is given from this side. Gold is plentiful in all European financial centers and money easy. This being the case, various Governments and municipalities contemplate issuing new loans.

The late activity in Texas & Pacific issues was due to an increase in the rate on the second income bonds from 4 to 5 per cent per annum. These bonds are now selling at about par; some years ago, one could buy them by the carload at 30. The Goulds, through the Iron Mountain, made a choice investment when they issued 4 per cent refunding bonds in payment for Texas & Pacific 2nd 4s at the rate of 60 for the latter. The stock rose to  $42\frac{3}{8}$  in the last few days; it sold at  $52\frac{1}{4}$  last May and at  $37\frac{1}{2}$  a few weeks ago. Judging by the earnings, the stock does not seem to be cheap at present.

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#### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 - 103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109 - 110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110 - 111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102 3/4 - 103 3/4
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104 - 105 1/4
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 3/4 - 103
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111 - 112
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	F. A.	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 - 108
" 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1912	107 1/2 - 108 1/2
" 3 1/2	M. N.	Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/2 - 110
" 3 1/2	A. O.	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" 3 1/2	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102 3/4 - 103

Interest to seller.  
Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521.650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.		I	I
Funding 6.....		F. A. Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/4 - 105 1/4
"	3 1/2.....	F. A. Feb. 1, 1921	102 - 104
School Lib. 4s	10-20	J. & D. June, 1920	104 - 106
"	4.....	A. O. Apr. 1, 1914	104 - 106
"	4 5-20.....	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102 - 103
"	4 10-20.....	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104 - 105
"	4 15-20.....	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104 - 105
"	4.....	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105 - 106
"	4 10-20.....	J. D. July 1, 1919	105 - 107
"	4 10-20.....	J. D. June 1, 1920	104 - 106
"	3 1/2.....	J. J. July 1, 1921	101 - 103

#### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75 - 77
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106 - 106 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60 - 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	150 - 101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101 1/4
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	106 - 106 1/2
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109 - 109 1/4
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 1/2 - 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/2 - 113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	92 - 93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 - 93 1/2
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	98 - 100
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	107 - 10 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 99
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 - 105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 - 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 - 104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

#### BANK STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	303	-305
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8 1/2 SA	215	-216
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	263	-265
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	263	-266
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	291	-293
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180	-190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	333	-338
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775	-825
International	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	167	-175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4 p.c. SA	185	-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525	-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 qy	267	-268 1/2
Merch. Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	240	-241
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160	-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	315	-321
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125	-128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	130	-135
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110	-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	209	-210
Third National	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	243 1/2	-244

\* Quoted 100 for par

### TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100			70 - 175
Colonial	100	Forming		1280 - 209
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1 1/2 qy	258	-260
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '01, 2 1/2 qy	421	-430
St. Louis	100	Dec. '01, 2 qy	370	-380
Title Trust	100	Dec. '01, 1 1/2 qy	125	-130
Union	100	Nov. '08, 5	445	-450
Mercantile	100	Jan. '02, 1, Mo.	42	-413
Missouri Trust	100		136	-137
Ger. Trust Co.	100		201	-202

### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 3/4 - 103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109 - 111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N.	2 1905 105 - 107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109 - 108 1/2
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116 - 116 1/2
Comp. Heights, U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 - 116 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 - 106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 - 103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 - 103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 - 107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100 3/4 - 101 1/4
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102 1/2 - 103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		90 - 1.0
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 104 1/4 - 105
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 - 120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 1/2 - 116
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104 - 106
Southern 1st 6s		1909 106 - 108
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1916 107 - 108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121 - 122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1 1/2	83 1/2 - 84
United Ry's Pfd.	J. & J.	89 1/2 - 87 1/2
" 4 p.c. 50s		31 1/2 - 32 1/2
St. Louis Transit		

### INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	P. ce.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	234	235

### MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par	Last Dividend	Per Cent.	Price
Am. Car. Fdry Co.	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2	29	-30
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	88	-89
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	150	-160
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	42	-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 MO	128	-136
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902, 1	19	-21
Doe Run Min. Co	10	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 MO	128	-135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		265	-270
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	97	-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	50	-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901, A. 10.	110	-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901, SA 3 1/2	112	-115
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1901, 2 p. c	91	-91 1/2
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1901, SA 2 1/2	108	-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		47	-49
Mo. Edison com.	100		16	-16 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1 1/2 qy	100	-101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01, qy 2 p.c.	97	-101
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar., 1901, 6 A	181	-183
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	139	-142
Simmons do 2 pf	100	Oct. 1901, 4 S.A.	140	-145
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Sept. 1901 1 1/2 qy	16 1/2	-17 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 2 p. c.	46	-47 1/2
St. L. Brew Com.	10	Jan., '99, 4 p. c.	41	-43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	40	-45
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	1 1/2	-2
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72	-75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135	-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	232	-240
Westhaus Brake	50	D. C. 1901, 7 1/2	175	-180
" Coupler	Consolidated		50	-51

prices, but there are consolidation rumors and it is undoubtedly on these that they are raising the price.

Higher prices are predicted for Iowa Central, Colorado & Southern, Peoria & Eastern, Evansville & Terre Haute, Chesapeake & Ohio, Erie, Reading and Ontario & Western among the low-priced shares. Peoria & Eastern income 4s are expected to receive at least 1 1/2 per cent within the next few weeks. The bonds sold at 65 last summer, and are now quoted at 80 1/2. The directors of the Colorado & Southern have declared the regular semi-annual dividend of 1 1/2 per cent. There is a good demand for bonds, especially for Reading, Central of Georgia, Chesapeake & Ohio 4 1/2s, also for Colorado Midland and Fort Worth & Denver City issues. Among speculative bonds, Green Bay & Western incomes and Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette land grants showed the most activity of late.

### LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been quite a drop in many local securities. Some holders appeared to be almost panic-stricken, and made haste to unload at almost any price. The report that banks would soon follow in the wake of trust companies and pay interest on current daily balances was partly responsible for the extreme weakness in trust company shares. Three local banks have already made announcement of interest payments on daily balances. Such a step on the part of the banks is expected to cut quite a swath and to furnish keen competition for trust companies. The banks have to do this as a matter of self-protection. The decline extended to almost every stock on the local list. There were, however, a few notable exceptions, such as Third National and Continental National Bank shares. The first-named is strong at 244, and Continental is selling freely at 265.

Missouri Trust dropped 20 points in one day, touching 130, rallying again to 150, and then receding once more to 144. The resignation of Mr. Orr was considered as a very bearish factor on this stock. Mr. Orr is to be succeeded in the Presidency of the company by Mr. Harrison, the latter a well-known local business man. All the other trust stocks are down from 11 to 15 points. Selling pressure was announced in Lincoln, Colonial and Germania. The late slump will probably act as a damper upon further trust company promotion business.

St. Louis Transit is selling at 31, a decline of about one point, while United preferred is rather weak at 84. There has been marked activity in these issues in the last few days, but at steadily drooping quotations.

Missouri-Edison 5s are suffering from quiet liquidation. The bonds are in small demand at 92 1/4, and the shares are also significantly weak. The earnings of the company are claimed to be unsatisfactory. Local clearances are still large. Money is

plentiful. Exchange on New York is lower. Sterling is steady at 4.87 1/8.

### A BABY STORY.

One of the best of Dr. Tulloch's tales was the following: A minister preaching was interrupted somewhat by a baby crying. He had been brought to church in his mother's arms, and howled a good deal. The preacher could not help looking at the quarter from which the disturbance came. The mother noticed this, and rose to go out along with her child. Thereupon the minister relented and said, "Keep your seat my good woman; your baby is not disturbing me." "It's not that, sir," she replied, looking back as she continued moving; "it's you that's disturbing the baby."

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### BROKE.

President Roosevelt has a keen sense of humor. A year or so ago he and Lieutenant Sharpe had been engaged in negotiating for and purchasing cruisers. They had spent about seven million dollars (nearly a million and a half pounds). It began to rain, and neither had an umbrella.

"Sharpe," said Roosevelt, "I have only four cents in my pockets. Lend me one cent, or five cents, will you, so that I can ride home?"

"I haven't a single cent," he answered. "Never mind, Sharpe," said Roosevelt. "It doesn't often happen that two public servants spend seven million dollars and do not have even car fare in their pockets when they are through."

William E. Curtis says that Pope Leo in indulged in a quiet little satire not long ago at the expense of a most estimable and pious member of one of the royal houses of Europe. This lady, who fancies herself an artist, painted his portrait upon a piece of canvas, leaving a blank at the bottom in which she requested him to write his autograph. When the picture was received it was such an atrocious caricature that the members of the Papal household determined to destroy it, but the Pope would not permit them to do so. Taking his pen, he wrote in Latin this inscription: "It is I; be not afraid. Leo XIII."

A clergyman relates that on one occasion, after marrying a couple, an envelope was handed him which he supposed, of course, contained the marriage fee. On opening it he found a piece of paper, on which was written, "We desire your prayers."

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## SOME LENTEN FADS.

Motives aside, it cannot be denied that nowadays, all classes and conditions of men—poor and rich, fashionable and obscure, saintly and worldly, young and old—irrespective of creed, pay deference to Lent. And although there are wide differences of opinion as to the best method of keeping Lent, or, for that matter, as to the advisability of keeping Lent at all, there seems to be a remarkable unanimity of understanding that large receptions, crush weddings, dances and balls shall be eliminated from the Lenten programme.

The sewing class, a favored institution of Lent, inasmuch as members are thereby given a chance to make a practical acquaintance with the soothing sensation of doing good, will flourish in many circles during the next few weeks. The most famous of these classes, all of which were organized several years ago, will each attract half a hundred or more women one morning a week to private drawing rooms where the homely art of plain sewing will be idealized by an accompaniment of vocal and instrumental music or recitation by professionals. A dainty luncheon will be served afterwards. And if the majority of the members shirk the pain of pricked fingers by carrying home individual consignments of work for a seamstress to finish, no one finds fault, least of all the beneficiaries.

Besides these classes there is a host of new ones, organized by young people who meet in the afternoon. One of the smartest, by way of illustration, has a membership of twenty young girls each of whom cheerfully paid \$5.00 to join. For one hour—from four to five—the little company sews, knits or crochets while someone reads aloud a story descriptive of philanthropic work. At five o'clock work is dropped and the tea table is brought out, which is a signal for the appearance of some men friends of the girls who have been invited to drop in. Each member at the final meeting is expected to turn in two or more finished garments which, with the fees, go to a charity.

Ping-pong dinners are destined to enjoy a special vogue among young people during Lent. An invitation to one means simply that the dinner will be quite informal and merely an introduction to an evening of ping-pong, or table tennis—a game not yet done to death hereabouts, for the reason that it is not very long ago since it crossed from England. As a fairly large table is needed for the game, givers of ping-pong parties improvise as many as are needed by using boards of a desired length and breadth laid across carpenters' trestles.

The good old game of Badminton, near of kin, some people say, to battledore and shuttlecock, and which was also imported from the mother country, will be played more enthusiastically than ever this Lent and by older as well as younger people, and for that reason evening clubs will be more favored than those of the afternoon. Neither late hours nor evening dress are required of members. Prizes and a supper are incidents of every meeting, and the excitement of a tournament will induce players to do their best.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

\*\*\*

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## To Lovers of Literature

In order to give readers of current literature an opportunity to procure their favorite magazines or periodicals at a reduced price, the *Mirror* offers the following liberal club rates. It will be seen that the list includes all of the prominent publications. As a further inducement the *Mirror* offers, in addition to any one of the combinations given below, a three months' trial subscription to the *Mirror Pamphlets* FREE.

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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews (New).....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.50
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		
Criterion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.10
Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.60
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Pearson's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.85
Leslie's Monthly.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Criterion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Pearson's.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Bookman (New).....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Ainslee's.....	1.00	\$6.50	\$4.35
Arena.....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ainslee's.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.85
Criterion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
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Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	\$5.50	\$3.40
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		

MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
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MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Scribner's.....	3.00	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$9.00	\$7.15
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$6.40
Criterion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Bookmen (New).....	2.00	\$8.00	\$6.60
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Century.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$10.50	\$7.85
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews (New).....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00		
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.50	\$4.80
Pearson's.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$7.00	\$5.50
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Criterion.....	1.00	\$8.00	\$6.10
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Harper's Magazine.....	4.00	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.00	\$10.50	\$7.35
Bookman (New).....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Ledger Monthly.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Commoner.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Critic.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Truth.....	1.00	\$6.00	\$4.35
Country Gentleman.....	2.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Arena.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Critic.....	2.00	\$6.50	\$4.00
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Etude.....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Arena.....	2.50	\$7.00	\$4.00
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Country Gentleman.....	2.00	Price,	Price,
Donahoe's Magazine.....	2.00	\$8.50	\$5.30
Bookman (New).....	2.50		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Criterion.....	1.00	\$4.00	\$2.90
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Pilgrim.....	1.00	\$4.00	\$2.90
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Criterion.....	1.00	Price,	Price,
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00	\$5.00	\$3.35
Woman's Home Companion.....	1.00		
MIRROR.....	\$2.00	Regular	Our
Review of Reviews (New).....	2.50	Price,	Price,
Success.....	1.00	\$8.50	\$5.25
Cosmopolitan.....	1.00		
Bookman (New).....	2.50		

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THE MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.



# CRAWFORD'S

We are Now Daily Opening Up Thousands of Dollars' Worth of New Spring Goods, notably the Purchases of our Wash Goods, Linens and Domestic Goods Buyers, now just returned from the Manufacturing Districts. See Show Windows.

## Linens.

No such goods, no such prices anywhere.

- 50 pieces 72-inch Cream Table Damask, good soft finish and no dressing, a regular 65c article, during this sale at (per yard).....49c
- 42 pieces 68-inch all-linen Cream Table Damask, extra double finish and very desirable for general use, regular selling price is 85c a yard, during this sale at (per yard).....65c
- The Banner Brand—25 pieces 68-inch all-linen German Satin-Finished Damask, in marvelous patterns and designs, brilliant in luster and weave, manufacturer's price \$1 50 yard, during this sale at (per yard).....98c

## Napkins.

- 100 dozen 20-inch all-linen Table Napkins, our regular \$1.50 brand, during this sale at (per dozen).....\$1 25
- 50 dozen  $\frac{3}{4}$  size Half-Bleached Dinner Napkins, heavy weave and elegantly finished, regular selling price was \$2.50 a dozen, during this sale at (per dozen).....\$1.85

## Towels.

- 250 dozen 20x40 Hemmed Huck Towels, a regular 18c towel, during this sale they go a-flying at (per towel).....12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c

## Bed Spreads.

- 500 full-size White Hemmed Bed Spreads, the regular \$1 00 kind, during this sale at (per spread).....85c

## Wash Goods.

Without a Rival. A Marvelous Stock Most Beautiful Styles.

- A nice line of 36 and 32 inch wide Comfort Sateens, extra good quality, worth 15c per yard, but we offer them this week at (per yard).....12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c
- We have now a full line of Galatea Cloth for boys' summer suits and ladies' wash skirts, in dark and light colors, which we will put on sale at (per yard).....15c
- Something new in Wash Dress Goods is our Overlace Stripes Zephyr. This line of goods comes in all the delicate colorings, 32-inch wide, and we offer them at (per yard).....35c
- We feel that we have THE THING in the line of FOULARDETTES. This line of goods is more complete this season than last. We have hundreds of styles, and the colorings and cloth are so near like the foulard silks that it would be hard for an expert to detect the difference, and the price is in reach of all, per yard.....33c

## Oh! Ho! Ah! Ha! Oh! Ho!

Another down-pour in Shoes at Crawford's! Return from the East of their Shoe Buyer loaded with the finest kind of fine plunder. Millions of Shoes at 50c on the dollar!! All bought with cash on the nail!!—the only thing to hypnotize the shoemakers! The sale is now on!! Not a pair of these shoes worth less than \$3.00 and up to \$5.00 a pair—to close them out quick we will divide them into two lots—\$1.98 and \$1.48.

## Ladies' Shoes

of highest grade materials made by the world's greatest shoemakers, all this season's newest shapes and patterns, in button and lace, not a pair worth less than \$3.00 and up to \$5.00; both heavy extension soles, hand-sewed welts; and the lightest, finest turned soles, **\$1.98**

STOCKS.	TOES.	HEELS.
Vici Kid,	Opera,	Cuban,
Box Calf,	Special,	Military.
Velour Calf,	Bull Dog,	French,
Patent Calf,	Mannish,	Opera,
Enamel Calf,	Columbia,	Low Broad,
Patent Kid,	Common Sense,	Louis XV.

## Ladies' Shoes

Wonderful Bargains for this Special Selling in Patent Leathers, Box Calf and Vici Kid, heavy and light soles. In this lot about 200 pairs of the celebrated Columbia \$3.00 shoe—all shapes, all sizes—anybody can be suited, anybody can be fitted at a saving of one-half. **\$1.48**

Your Choice for

SPECIALS  
IN

## Corsets.

To our regret we are obliged to discontinue a number of our 1901 models to make room for the vast assortment of advance styles arriving daily. Our patrons expect advance rather than merely up-to-date ideas, hence the sacrifice.

- Lot 1—Corsets of heavy brocade and French coutil, real whalebone, full gore, hand-somely trimmed, giving the most perfect contour to the figures for which they are intended, \$10.00 and \$7.50 corsets for.....\$4.98
- Lot 2—Is a large assortment of handsome silk batiste and brocaded silk Corsets, in long and medium waist, regular \$5.00 corset for.....\$2.49
- Lot 3—Is a broken assortment of leading makes in long and short waist, good shapes; the former prices were \$1.50 to \$2.50, now.....98c

## Domestics.

Less than Mill Prices.

- Yard-wide Bleached Muslin, without a particle of dressing, worth 7c a yard, now.....5c a yard
- Unbleached Sheeting, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards wide, for full-size beds, fine medium weight, worth 17c a yard, now.....12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c a yard
- Yard Bleached Muslin, Dwight Anchor brand, recommended for its extraordinary weight and durability, no dressing, others sell them at 10c a yard, our price.....8 $\frac{1}{2}$ c a yard
- 500 Ready-Made Bleached Sheets, 90x90 in., Atlantic brand, full width and as good as any made, worth 69c each, now.....57c each

## THE BANNER STOCK OF as Stoves and Steel Ranges

Is right here. See our stock. Note our prices. No competition worthy of the name!! Easy terms of payment.



## Special Introductory First-of-the-Season Gas Stove Sale.

The first two car loads of our this year's supply of Gas Stoves have arrived, and to start the moving of these goods off with a rush we will offer the following great bargains for this week's sale: A first-class high-grade Gas Range, with removable burners, easily cleaned, economical, and set in your kitchen with free connections, worth \$20.75. Introductory Price.....\$15.50

## Steel Ranges.

Six-hole Steel Range, with high closet and large oven, worth \$35.00, set up complete, special.....\$24.95

## Gasoline Stoves

Two-burners Gasoline, with brass burners and perfectly safe, worth \$3.75, Sale Price.....\$2.98

Gas and Steel Ranges, sold on easy terms of a small payment down and the balance..10c per day.

# D. CRAWFORD & CO.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



## AT THE CLUB.

Lottimer selected the most capacious comfortable chair in the club reading-room, dragged it to a secluded corner, lit a cigar and settled himself to think seriously.

Katharine had been unusually trying that morning. There was no doubt in his mind that marriage was a failure, and that his wife was solely to blame. They had tried it now for two years, and every day the situation became more and more hopeless. Tears because he dined so often at the club; reproaches when he refused to be bored by sitting through some stupid play; ill temper whenever he went off for a few days' shooting, and a fit of the sulks if now and then he ran over to Europe for a little recreation. That last trip across had, indeed, brought matters to a climax. He wondered if there was ever another woman so unreasonable as Katherine. His explanation should have satisfied the most exacting of wives. Was not the actress he met on board the steamer a friend of his bachelor days? He would not have been a gentleman had he refused to speak to her. But Katherine, in her unworldliness, selfishness and injustice, refused to take the only proper view of the affair. How she had heard about it he never quite understood. Well, something must be done. She must institute proceedings for a separation or he would. Anything would be a relief from his present mode of life. Even a few months' residence in one of the Dakotas would be preferable to reproaches at home and pity abroad. Oh, yes, he was quite sure all his friends pitied him. They never mentioned it, to be sure, but he had detected the expression of commiseration more than once.

Voices in the adjoining room awakened Lottimer from his reverie.

"Jim always was a cad and a selfish devil," someone was saying. "Fancy him dining here at the club night after night and running off on trips to impossible places for his health! Is it any wonder that Mrs. Jim objects? No man has a right to marry a woman and then pursue his own pleasure just as if his wife didn't exist."

Lottimer knocked the ashes off his cigar and strained his ears to catch every word.

"Mrs. Jim is a deucedly proud woman," the speaker continued, "and no wonder she is hurt by Jim's indifference. I tell you there are ways of being cruel to a woman that make beating seem like a caress in contrast. And then there's Dick Lottimer—"

The listener sat up with a start.

"He is about the poorest imitation of a husband that I know of. Jim's a prize to him. He has a handsome wife and a lovely home, and yet he neglects both. Why, I never dine here, or at Delmonico's, that I don't meet him. He might be a bachelor still, so far as his habits are concerned. It's too bad that a girl of her attractions and opportunities should have drawn that blank in the matrimonial lottery. They say, you know, that Phillips has always been in love with her, but that she—"

Lottimer got up suddenly and walked slowly into the hall; for a brief space he stood lost in thought. Then he spoke to the telephone boy:

"Call up 6666 Madison Square for me!" he said.

A moment later he was in the booth.

"Is that you, Plunkett? Well, tell Mrs. Lottimer that I'm dining with her to-night, and—what? Mr. Phillips? Of course it's not Mr. Phillips, you idiot! Don't you

know my voice? Mr. Lottimer. Say I'll dine at home, and that we—she and I—will go to the play."—*Town Topics.*

## THE KAISER'S ADIEU.

Aufwiedersehen, brother mine!  
Farewells will soon be kissed;  
And, ere you leave to breast the brine,  
Give me once more your fist;

That mailed fist, clenched high in air  
On many a foreign shore,  
Enforcing coaling stations where  
No stations were before;

That fist, which weaker nations view  
As if 'twere Michael's own,  
And which appalls the heathen who  
Bow down to wood and stone.

But this trip no brass knuckles. Glove  
That heavy mailed hand;  
Your mission now is one of Love  
And Peace—you understand.

All that's American you'll praise;  
The Yank can do no wrong.  
To use his own expressive phrase,  
Just "jolly him along."

Express surprise to find, the more  
Of Roosevelt you see,  
How much I am like Theodore,  
And Theodore like me.  
I am, in fact (this might not be  
A bad thing to suggest),  
The Theodore of the East, and he  
The Wilhelm of the West.

And, should you get a chance, find out—  
If anybody knows—  
Exactly what it's all about,  
That Doctrine of Monroe's.  
That's entre nous. My present plan  
You know as well as I:  
Be just as Yankee as you can;  
If needs be, eat some pie.

Cut out the 'kraut, cut out Rhine wine,  
Cut out the Schuetzenfest,  
The Sangerbund, the Turnverein,  
The Kommers, and the rest.

And if some fool society  
"Die Wacht am Rhein" should sing,  
You sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee"—  
The tune's "God Save the King."

To our own kindred in that land  
There's not much you need tell.  
Just tell them that you saw me, and  
That I was looking well.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A little Cambridge girl was discovered  
whispering in school, and the teacher asked:  
"What were you saying to the girl next to  
you when I caught you whispering?"  
The little culprit hung her head for a  
moment and then replied:

"I was only telling her how nice you  
looked in your new dress."  
"Well, that—yes—I know—but we must  
—the class in spelling will please stand up."  
—*Christian Register.*

"What do you think, James?" remarked  
Mrs. Meekton; "mother says she wants to be  
cremated." "All right," replied Meekton,  
"tell her to get her things on, and I'll take  
her down now."—*Town Topics.*

CRUSH—"There was a crush at the wed-  
ding, I suppose?" "Crush? Why, the  
ushers had to form a flying wedge in order  
to get the bridal party up to the altar?"—*Life.*

ODEON. SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1ST.  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, MARCH 2D.  
THREE SUPERB CONCERTS.

## INNES AND HIS BAND,

Assisted by the following World-Renowned Soloists:

ADELE BORGHI, FRANCES BOYDEN, EDGARDO ZERNI, ACHILLE ALBERTI.

Reserved Seats at Bollman's, February 23d.

## CHORAL SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

ODEON,

Thursday, Feb. 20th.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

Sinding's "Symphony in D."  
First time in St. Louis.

JEAN GERARDY, 'Cellist, Soloist.

Orchestra of 60 under Alfred Ernst.  
Tickets at Bollman's, 1100 Olive Street.

ODEON FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 7TH,  
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 8TH, 8.15 P. M.  
TWO GRAND CONCERTS.

## Theodore Thomas

AND HIS ORCHESTRA OF 70.  
Tickets, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Boxes, \$12.00.

Sale opens MONDAY, MARCH 3d, 9:00 A. M. Bollman's, 1100 Olive street.

## GERMANIA THEATER.

14th and Locust.

HEINEMANN & WELB, Managers.

Wednesday, Feb. 26th, 1902, Benefit for Jo-  
hannes Poulsson.

For the first time in German.

## TRILBY

By Paul Potter.

Sunday, March 2, 1902. The great Comedy  
Farce with Song and Dance.

DER POSTILLON VON MUENCHEBERG.  
Heinemann and Bergere in leading parts.

## VERESTCHAGIN

WAR PAINTINGS

NAPOLEON AND PHILLIPINES

165 PICTURES.

1120 OLIVE STREET.

11 A. M. to 10 P. M.

In city for short time only.

Admission, 25. Sundays, 15c. Children, 10c.

## Ice Palace OLYMPIC

Cook and Channing Aves.

## FOURTH SEASON

## IS NOW OPEN

Finest Skating in America.

Music by Bromley's Band.

Admission, 25 cents.

## HE HATED TO MAKE \$50,000.

Attorney General Knox, while practicing in Pittsburg, was one of the busiest lawyers in America, says the *Kansas City Journal*. A few years ago he was much put out because he had to accept a fee of \$50,000. A friend met him as he was leaving the office. Knox was swearing mad. "What's it all about this time?" asked the friend. "I have been knocked out of a trip to Egypt. My folks wanted me to make an argument in a case, and I told them I could not be here. They told me to fix my price, and I said \$50,000, thinking that would put them out of the notion. It did not. They took me up and my plans are all upset!"

ON A DOG.—"They're thinking now of reversing the usual process, and first trying plays in New York, before taking them out on the road." "What's the idea?" "Well, if a play succeeds in New York, the rest of the country will know it's rotten."—*Life.*

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

Neil Burgess

in his great production

The  
County  
Fair.

Wednesday and Sat-  
urday Matinees.

NEXT SUNDAY

STUART

ROBSON

AS

Bertie the Lamb,

IN

The  
Henrietta.

Reserved Seats on sale  
Thursday.

THIS WEEK

THE  
KLAW & ERLANGER  
COMEDY CO.

With the greatest of  
Drawing Stars, Gus  
and Max Rogers, in  
John McNally's

The Rogers  
Brothers in  
Washington.

Regular Matinee  
Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Charles Frohman

Presents

JOHN DREW

In a Comedy in  
Four Acts

The  
Second in  
Command

By Robert Marshall.

Seats on Sale  
Thursday.





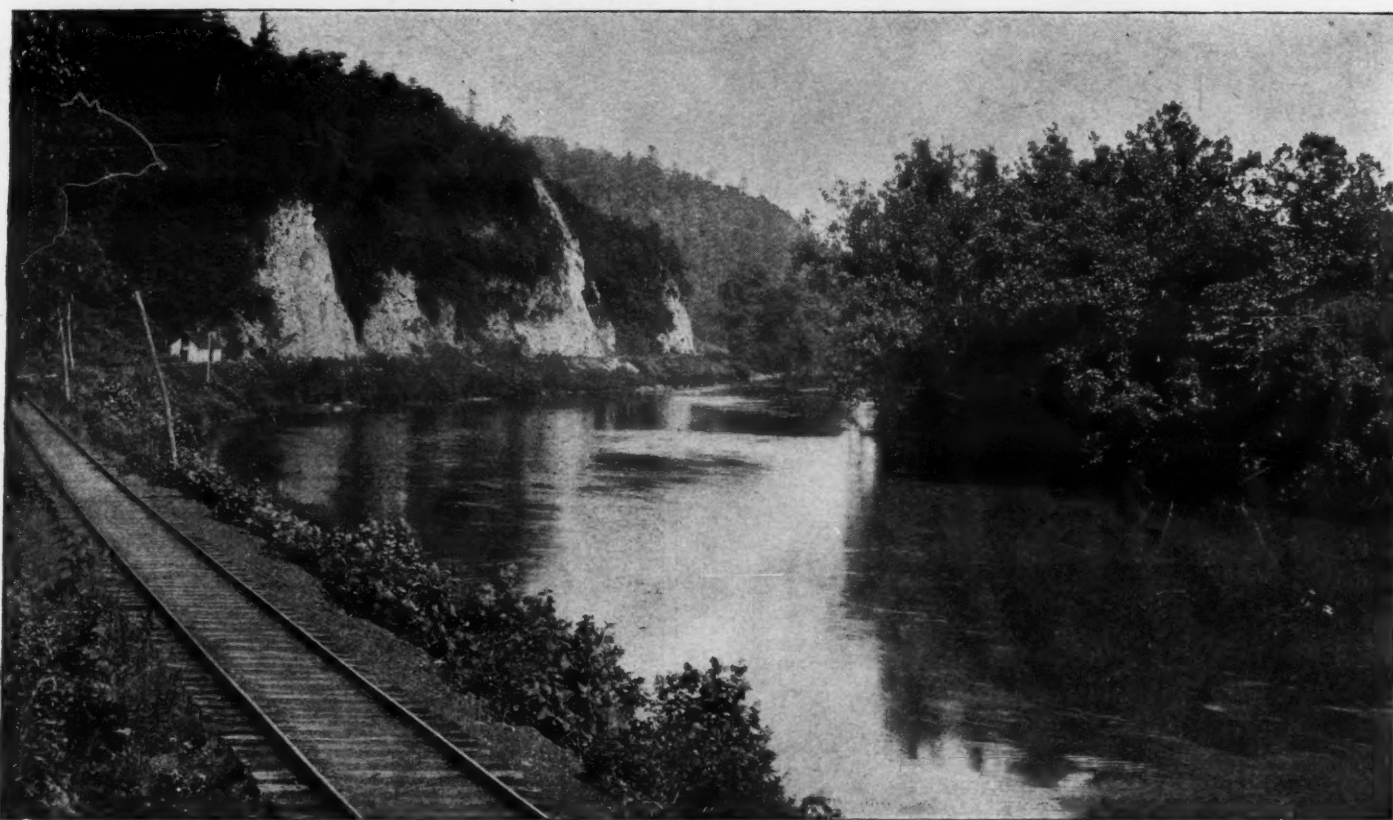
The Mirror

# Southern Railway

FROM **ST. LOUIS** THE ONLY

**DAILY THROUGH SLEEPERS**

via LOUISVILLE and LEXINGTON to



**ASHEVILLE, N. C., "The Land of the Sky,"**

**CHARLESTON EXPOSITION,**

All Points in the Sunny South and the Dreamlands of Florida.

**Leaves Union Station, St. Louis, 9:16 P. M.**

**G. B. ALLEN,**  
Assistant General Passenger Agent.

**C. A. BAIRD,**  
District Passenger Agent.

**TICKET OFFICE, 719 OLIVE STREET.**



The Mirror

# A VERY PLEASANT ROUTE



The Only Line running Library Observation Sleepers from St. Louis through to San Antonio. And further than this, it has Through Sleepers and Chair Cars to Paris, Dallas, Houston, Galveston—in fact, nearly all the Principal Points in Texas. The Frisco System is also

## THE SHORT LINE TO OKLAHOMA,

And to Oswega, Wichita, Bunton and points in the West and Far West.

This is the Scenic Railway—It Runs Through the Ozarks.

**TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.**



**Budweiser  
is King**

of bottled beers, because of its uniform excellence. Brewed from the best Barley-Malt and imported Hops and "lagered" (stored for maturing) until just ripe and most wholesome.

The product of

**Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n**

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Brewers also of Black and Tan, Anheuser-Standard, Pale-

Lager, Faust, Export Pale, Exquisite,

Michelob and Malt-Nutrine.

TO  
**Old Mexico**  
Every Day in  
the Year and  
Sundays, too.

**THE MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RY. CO.**  
Operates First Class Drawing Room Sleeping Cars  
between St. Louis and the City of Mexico without change  
either of cars or train attendants. Train leaves St. Louis  
daily and Sundays, too, at 8:32 P. M.  
First day out it passes through the beautiful  
Indian Territory; the second morning it is at  
El Paso, Texas, the City of Attractions.  
In the evening it crosses the Rio Grande, the  
Eagle Pass (the Mexican Frontier). Hereafter  
the route is via the most picturesque portion of Old Mexico.  
For a charming little book on this picturesque country, and a  
souvenir Mexican coin free, address  
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